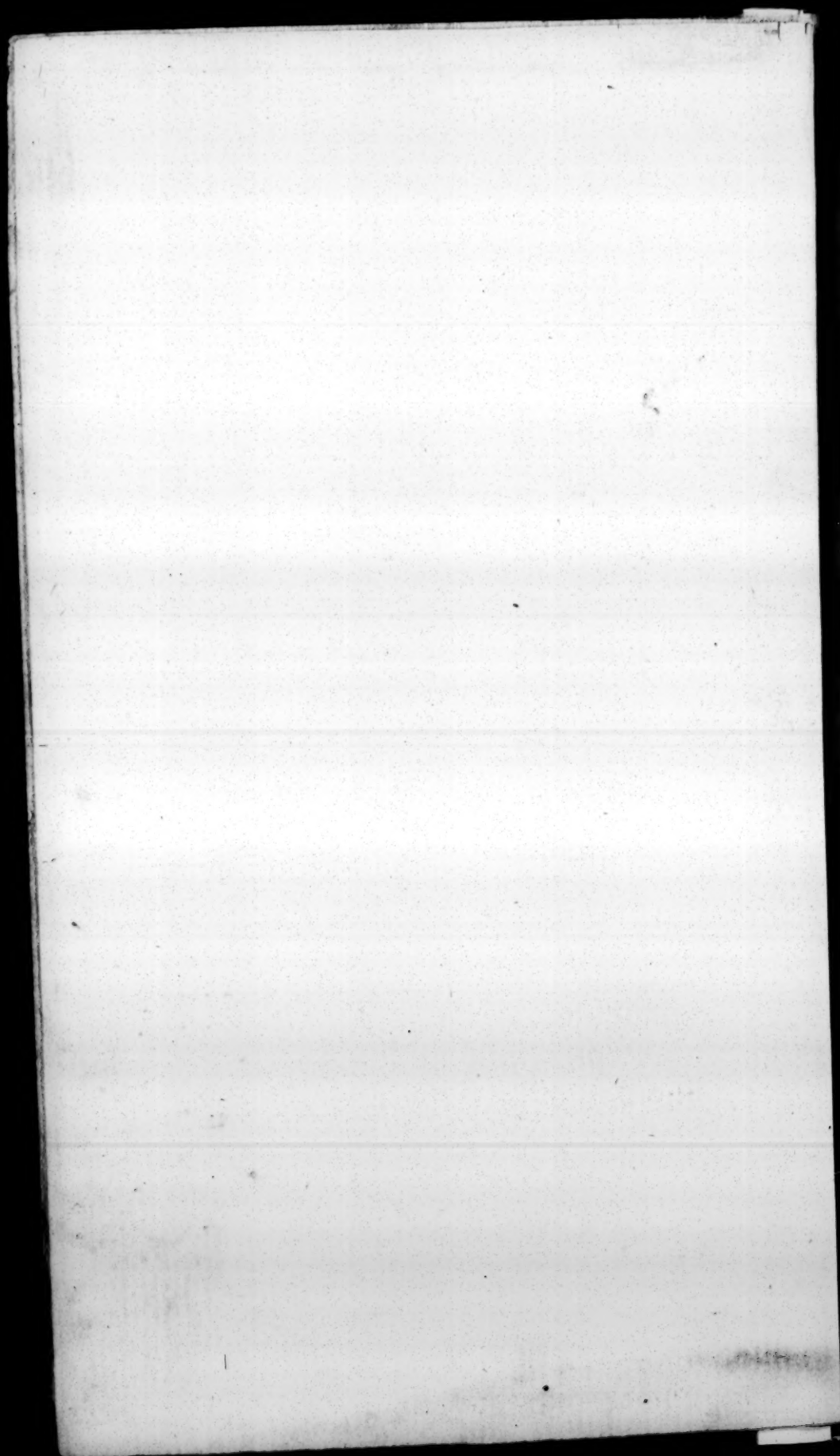


M E M O I R S

O F

MISS ANN SHELDON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.



AUTHENTIC AND INTERESTING
M E M O I R S
O F
MISS ANN SHELDON;

(NOW MRS. ARCHER:)

A Lady who figured, during several Years, in the highest Line of public Life, and in whose History will be found, all the Vicissitudes, which so constantly attend on Women of her Description.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORESS, No. 2, ST. GEORGE'S-
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M,DCC,XC.



M E M O I R S

O F

A N N S H E L D O N, &c.

C H A P. XVII.

First Interview with Lord Masham, which produced me a number of Presents of Jewels, &c. and an elegant little Horse.—Hyde Park Excursion.—Further interview with Lord Masham, who proposes a Settlement of 800l. per Ann. on certain unnatural Conditions, which were rejected with Contempt.—Scene of Confusion that ensued, &c.

I NOW returned home with Miss Harvey in high spirits at the success of my first interview with Lord Masham, and the next day we did no-

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B

thing

thing but drive about the town in my carriage and talk over the golden harvests I was about to reap from the excessive follies of his dotage.—In the evening he was not only punctual to his appointment, but true to his promise.—The diamond ear-rings, with several other elegant trinkets were thrown into my lap, and another note of twenty pounds enriched my pocket-book. He also promised me a beautiful horse for my own riding,—though I had never mounted an horse in my life—and the next evening was appointed for seeing me again, and bringing the business of the settlement to a conclusion. I did not fail to act my part in this extraordinary scene to my own advantage, by manifesting every grateful attention to the noble
peer



peer for his unbounded generosity to me.

The next morning one of his lordship's servants brought me a charming little horse, decorated with the most elegant riding apparatus for a lady. My acceptance of this present was requested in the most pressing terms, and an offer was also made of a stall in his Lordship's stables where it might be kept without any additional expence to me. But as it occurred to me that the possession of the animal, which was a valuable one, would be more secure by taking it altogether as my own, I declined the latter part of his Lordship's proposition, and ordered the horse to be sent in my own name to a livery stable in the neighbourhood. Indeed,

as I had never been on the back of a horse in my life, this present was perfectly useless to me, but I thought it right to refuse nothing that might be offered me, by the old *enamorado*; and though I could not ride, Miss *Harvey* was an excellent horsewoman, and it was determined that she should figure as an equestrian that very day in *Hyde Park*. I therefore went in the coach and she ambled by the side of it. We were soon joined by Colonel *Meadows*, Sir *George*, now Lord *Macartney*, and Sir *Frank Standish*, and a very merry lounge we had at the expence of my superannuated lover. While my horse and myself were the subject of much admiration, my noble friend was favoured with a more than an equal share of ridicule; nothing that
the

the lively fancy of the company could suggest was omitted on the occasion.

In the evening I went to my appointment, and found the good Lord *Masbam* punctual as his own family watch. I took care that the subject of the settlement should be immediately brought forwards, and our conversation on the subject ended in a proposal on the part of his Lordship, and to which I could have no objection, that the Attornies should meet us the following evening at Mr. *Kildare's* house, which was immediately adjoining to that of Mrs. *Hayes*, as it was his Lordship's opinion that the business might be transacted with more convenience at that place. He then gave me a bank

note of fifty pounds, in order, as he said, to supply any little wants which I might not chuse to communicate to him. Some enquiries then passed about my horse, and after assuring me that I should have every thing my heart could wish, if I would conform myself to his pleasure, took his leave extremely satisfied with my conduct and demeanour towards him.

We returned home in high spirits enjoying all our future riches in advance, and forming a thousand projects from the golden resources of the old Lord's fortune. The appointed hour of the next evening, which we had been expecting with so much impatience at length arrived, and we hastened with elevated hopes

hopes to Mr. *Kildare's*, where the amorous peer was waiting to receive me. The important business to be arranged became the immediate subject of our conversation; but, there were some certain preliminaries to be settled previous to the final conclusion of this weighty affair, which his Lordship desired to communicate to me alone;—we, therefore, left Miss *Harvey* and retired into a back parlour.—The old unnatural letcher then informed me that the lawyers were assembled at the *Cocoa Tree*, waiting his orders, and that the articles were ready to be executed, but that he had a previous favour to ask, and the moment that was granted, he would send for the Attornies and complete the business, which was to make me rich and in-

dependent for life. Nothing, however, could equal my astonishment but my indignation, when he made a proposal not only disgraceful to my sex but to human nature.—The immediate return which he received to this insult was a violent blow under his ear, which laid him on the floor, —where I continued to treat the old rascal with all the indignity my feet and hands were capable of bestowing on him.

Miss *Harvey* hearing the noise, which the roaring culprit made on the occasion, ran hastily into the room, when, on my explaining what had happened, she seized the hearth-brush and completed my manual chastisement with the severest discipline of that instrument. Mr. *Kildare*

dare was now called by the riot we made to present himself upon the scene, when his interference in behalf of his *noble* guest was answered by threats, both with respect to him and his house, that by no means tickled his ears or flattered his interests.—But this was not all,—Mrs. *Kildare*, who had been sometime in bed, was so alarmed at the noise, that she hurried into the room without appearing to recollect that she had no other covering but her shift,—and the lady and her husband entering, not only into violent altercation but manual conflict,—that shift was soon disposed of,—and she was under the necessity of returning to her chamber as naked as she came into the world.

His Lordship now began to recover a little from the fatigue he had undergone, and made an effort to crawl towards the door where his chairmen were waiting for him.—Some half uttered reproaches escaped from his quivering lips, which being answered by the menace of repeated discipline, he cried out murder and resigned himself to the protection of his sedan.

At this moment General *Scott* made his appearance, and having heard the outcry of the terrified peer, he naturally began his enquiries concerning the occasion of it; and we all retired into the parlour, where we entertained the gallant old soldier with a description of the scene, of which he had witnessed the
con-

cluding part.—He expressed his abhorrence of the business with all the energy of expression which might be supposed to proceed from such a votary to Venus as he had ever been, and then was.—After conversing for some time upon this and other subjects, the General proposed my accompanying him to his house, but I was too much fluttered to accept of the proposal at that time, and therefore returned home with Miss *Harvey*, sometimes laughing at the correction which we had given the old brute of a Lord, and, at other times, ready to cry at the loss of such a comfortable income as eight hundred pounds per annum.

The next morning I was astonished at the receipt of the following letter.

B. 6

“ I

“ I desire you will send the *horse*
“ to where you had it from. All
“ the rest you are welcome to. If
“ you had known the value of a
“ friend, you would have had ten
“ times as much.

“ Your’s,

MASHAM.”

To this curious epistle I returned
the following answer.

“ My LORD,

“ As to your horse, I should be
“ ashamed to ride it, on account of
“ the unnatural wretch who gave it
“ me. My purpose is to put it up
“ to auction to the best bidder, and
you

“ you are as welcome to buy it as
“ another, but if no one should bid
“ for it, the horse, who is not so
“ great a beast as yourself, shall re-
“ main where he is till he has eaten
“ his head off.

A. S.”

C H A P.

C H A P. XVIII.

*Receive a pressing Invitation from Mr. G. Brun-
denell, to pay him a Visit at Grantham, in Lin-
colnshire—Accept it—Adventure on the Road.
—Variety of Adventures during our Residence
there—An Account of the Performance of a
private Play—Return to Town—Accident on
the Road—Take Refuge in a Cottage—Affect-
ing Story of a Widow and her Daughter, who
had been seduced, and cruelly deserted, by a
Country 'Squire.*

FROM this time I heard no more
of Lord Masbam, and I very soon
sold my palfrey to Captain Bertie, of
the Guards, for thirty-six guineas.

I am

I am ready to acknowledge, that some kind of disappointment hung upon my mind from this chasm in my late expectations; but that uneasiness was at once dissipated by the receipt of the following letter from my good and generous friend *George Brudenell*:

“ Dear Nancy,

“ I have got leave from my Colonel to go to *Grantham* to hunt with the Marquis of *Granby*’s hounds. There is Lord *Spenser Hamilton*, and several other gentlemen, which, altogether, makes a damn’d jolly party: but nothing will complete my happiness more than your coming down.

“ I have

“ I have a pretty lodging at a
“ Mrs. *White*’s, where there are two
“ old maids, who make rare fun for
“ *Dick* and me. There is Capt. *John*
“ *Manners*’s lady who has an house
“ at a small distance from this place,
“ and will be glad of your company.
“ You will find me at the George.

“ Your’s affectionately,

“ GEORGE BRUDENELL.”

As I was disposed to accept the invitation, and Miss *Harvey* was charmed with the idea of such a journey, we were not long in obeying the *Lincolnshire* summons. I ordered the coach to be ready, with four horses, the next morning, in order to take us the first stage; and, accordingly,

cordingly, at a very early hour, we quitted town.

At the place where we stopped to breakfast, an elderly clergyman, of a genteel appearance, happening to come into the Inn at the moment of our arrival, requested the favour of being permitted to take his tea with us; to which we could have no objection, and accordingly he amused us, not with his wit or his vivacity, but with an appetite that seemed formed to produce a famine wherever he went. When, however, the good Doctor had eat himself into a little leisure for conversation, we found that he was going to *Stamford*, which being in our way, we offered him a seat in our coach: he readily accepted our civility, and behaved with great
polite-

politeness and attention during the little time we were together; but although this good-humoured Divine had a heart for hospitality, he had no very ardent disposition to works of charity and benevolence, as the following circumstance will prove; which was not quite so much to the honour of his feelings as we could have wished—

As we travelled on, and had proceeded a considerable way on our journey, a small group of beggars approached the coach to intreat an alms of us: so I ordered the postilions to stop, very much against the Parson's inclinations, in order to hear the story of these poor people, which turned out to be of a very affecting nature—The woman said that she
had

had four small children, who were crying for bread—"My husband, "good lady," continued she, "is an "hard-working, industrious man, "who gets his livelihood by making "baskets and wooden ware: we "have long been tenants to a worthy farmer in a neighbouring village, who, from a variety of unforeseen misfortunes, had lately died insolvent; and his affairs being consigned to the care of an unfeeling rascally Attorney, he has distrained for rent, and our little all is to be sold to-morrow under his directions." The poor woman wept bitterly as she gave us this sad history of her misfortunes, and referred us to the village itself where she lived, and which was but at a very small distance from us. Our good

good Clergyman, like the Priest in the gospel, was for passing by on the other side of the way, but we were determined to sanctify our journey with, at least, one good action, and quitted the carriage to accompany the poor woman and her family to the house, which had once been their own, but beneath whose friendly roof they never expected to be admitted again. On making the proper enquiries, we found that about five pounds would settle the business for these poor people: Miss *Harvey* and myself made a subscription of eight guineas (for our friend the Parson would have nothing to do with it) and left them in that kind of transport, which prevented their tongues from articulating a blessing on their deliverers.

We

We now returned to the carriage, and proceeded on our journey, happy, indeed, in having made others so. The Doctor, however, canted forth a number of stale, commonplace observations on beggars and vagrants, which we answered by the well-known text of scripture, that "Charity covers a multitude of sins," though we believe our clerical companion did not, in the least, suspect the quantity or nature of our offences. At length, however, we arrived at *Stamford*, where he made us some recompence for his want of charity, by a very elegant display of hospitality. He insisted upon our dining with him; and, after a most excellent dinner, accompanied with every friendly attention, we proceeded on our way, and arrived at the George-Inn,

Inn, at *Grantham*, in all the vivacity of good spirits, and with all the incidental fatigue of a long and hasty journey.

Our first enquiry, as may be supposed, was after my good friend *George*; but we were told that Mr. *Brudenell*, and several other gentlemen, were gone to hunt at some distance, and that, as the waters were out, it was supposed they would not be able to return immediately: Lord *Spenser Hamilton*, however, who arrived since their departure, was in the house, and we had the consolation of his obliging promise to favour us with his company to supper. After we had put ourselves a little in order to receive his Lordship, he made his appearance, and we supped in

in great comfort and good humour together. Being extremely fatigued, I quietly took my leave, and left the noble Lord and Miss *Harvey*, who were old acquaintances, to have their chit-chat together. As that lady was to sleep with me, I did not lock the door, but went hastily to bed, and was soon as quiet and unconscious as sound rest could make me: but they were too well pleased with each other's company to follow my example. On waking from my first sleep, I heard some-one snoring by my side, and, imagining that it might be my friend Miss *Harvey*, I took the liberty of speaking to her, for the purpose of suspending the agreeable music; when a voice, as different from her's as the sound of a bassoon from the notes of a flute, grumbled forth—

“ Be

“Be quiet—be quiet—it is only me.”
—“Who is me?” said I hastily;
and, receiving no answer, I put forth
my hand to feel what I had got there,
and found what appeared to me to
be a man’s head without a night-cap.
As my first impression on the occasion
was a design of robbing me, I
seized him by the hair, and, ringing
the bell with the utmost violence,
held him fast, till a servant came
with a light, and discovered the miserable
figure of a gentleman in boots
and spurs, and in a state of confusion
much greater than even my own.
Though I had now jumped out of
bed without any covering but my
shift, and with nothing but the curtain
between him and me. When he
had recovered from his alarm, and
became sensible of his situation, he
made

made every apology that language could convey: he assured me that his presence there arose from a mistake—that he had not the least idea of any body being in the bed when he laid himself down upon it; and referred me to his character as a gentleman for the credit he deserved from me, in the account he gave of this very singular, but accidental event. I was not remiss in answering his declarations on the occasion; and, having set him at his ease with respect to my belief of any intentional offence on his part, he took his leave in search of repose, where he was not liable to a similar interruption.

When my strange bed-fellow was gone, the maid told me that he was a gentleman of good character and

fortune of that place, who generally made one of a convivial party in the house every evening, and that it was a common practice with him, particularly, when he was, in any degree, intoxicated, to steal up stairs, and lay down upon the first bed he could find: being thus informed of the real state of the case, I now laughed as heartily at the accident, as if it had not happened to myself. When Miss *Harvey* arrived, the history was repeated, and the laugh renewed: indeed, I began to suspect that we should pass the remainder of the night in amusing ourselves with talking over the ridiculous accident, which had distinguished the beginning of it.

The next morning at breakfast our mirth was continued,—for the hero of
the

the scene sent a very polite message, requesting we would honour him with a reception, that he might have an opportunity of making an apology for the mistake of the preceding night.

—To this we very readily consented, and enjoyed a great deal of pleasant mirth with my chamber acquaintance: but his politeness did not end with this visit, for he pressed us extremely to favour him with our company to dinner at his house, which was about a mile from *Grantham*; but as we were already engaged to pass the day with Lord *Spenser Hamilton*, we deferred accepting this obliging invitation till the morrow, when he sent his own chaise to fetch us; and such was the elegance with which we were entertained by him, and the hospitable spirit he manifested towards

us, that we had every reason to be thankful for the circumstance which had introduced us to such pleasant, and unreserved civility.

On our return to *Grantham* we heard the cry of hounds; and we had scarce entered the Inn when a large troop of tired sportsmen arrived: among the rest, to our great joy, was *Mr. Brudenell*, who expressed the utmost satisfaction at seeing us, and immediately presented us to the gentlemen who were with him, some of whom we had the pleasure of knowing. Supper was ordered for thirty persons, and we were invited to be of the party: but as from fatigue, and other causes, scarce a gentleman among them was able to sit on his chair, we declined the invitation, and
left

left the company to their own society, which, as we were afterwards informed, produced no cause for regret in us, in being absent from it.

The weather was now become so unfavourable, and the waters were so much out, that all expectation of being able to pursue the chase, for some days to come, were at an end: the party, therefore, agreed to hire the assembly-room, for the purpose of acting a play, and the different parts were immediately cast, while tickets were printed for the occasion, and distributed throughout the neighbourhood. The *Orphan* was the tragedy which was to be exhibited to the provincial critics; and a young person of great beauty, and some accomplishments, the daughter of a grocer in

the town, was engaged to perform the part of *Monimia*--and she was such a *Monimia*, as made every man, who saw her, wish to be a *Polydore*. But fox-hunting ideas prevailed over tragic representation,—and so many view halloos' were given from the audience during the play, and returned from the actors themselves, in the midst of their finest speeches, that the entertainment had a very premature conclusion, and the company consoled themselves with the fiddles and a dance. A Mr. *Missing*, who was a Cornet in the Scotch Greys, requesting my hand on the occasion, awakened Mr. *Brudenell's* jealousy; and such high words, &c. ensued, that Miss *Harvey* and myself thought proper to withdraw to the Inn, and not be
pre-

present at a disturbance, of which I was even the innocent cause.

We ordered supper, and waited the arrival of Mr. *Brudenell*, who came in about an hour accompanied with Mrs. *Whitman*, his landlady, and her two maiden daughters, whom he abruptly brought into the room, and presented to us. “ There, Madam,” said he, “ is my wife, whom I told “ you I expected from *London*—and “ as I am as drunk as a lord, you “ shall be as drunk as ladies—and we “ will all be drunk together :” and so indeed it proved ; for *Dick*, Mr. *Brudenell*’s servant, so plied them with liquor, of different sorts, that they were all completely intoxicated, both the mother and daughters ; and the former was carried home on *Dick*’s

back, who had oftentimes performed that kind office for the old lady. Of similar scenes it would be needless, as well as uninteresting, to give a particular description: it will be sufficient to observe, that Mr. *Brudenell's* desire of affording us all the amusement in his power, produced many of them: it will be, however, a respectful return to Mr. *John Brudenell*, as well as to Mr. *John Manners* and his lady, to except them; for they entertained us in the most polite manner, and were so obliging as to propose our passing some time with them; but Mr. *George Brudenell's* regiment being, at this time, in the neighbourhood of *London*, he began to think of returning thither; and, as the waters were out, we left my carriage at *Grantham*, to be sent after us, and
pro-

proceeded in a post-chaise. The weather was extremely unfavourable for travelling, and the roads were in a most terrible condition ; so that we had no pleasure in our journey, but such as arose from the hope of getting to the end of it. Our speed, however, was considerably delayed by an accident which befel us before we reached *Stamford*; for one of the horses was seized with the staggers, and we were glad, after we had walked a mile in the dirt, and draggled ourselves up to our necks, to take refuge in an humble, but neat little cottage, on the side of the road.

We were welcomed, with great civility, into this thatched abode, by the mistress of it, who possessed the manners of a superior situation, and

appeared as if she had known happier and better days: of those better days we wrung an affecting account from her—She was a widow, according to the relation she gave us, of a respectable tradesman at *Stamford*, who, from a variety of unforeseen and inevitable misfortunes, had died of a broken heart, and left her and her only child, who was then a beautiful girl of about sixteen years of age, in the greatest distress—“ But
“ this is not all,” said she, “ nor
“ the worst; for if it had pleased
“ heaven to have afflicted us only
“ with poverty, we could have struggled against it—but dishonour is
“ now added to our sorrows—for a
“ neighbouring squire has seduced
“ my girl, and left her to perish;
“ nor will he acknowledge or pro-
“ vide

“vide for the child, which is the
 “offspring of his libidinous passi-
 “on. There,” said she, pointing to
 a cradle, “is the unhappy infant,
 “and the more unhappy mother who
 “rocks it.” Here she began to weep,
 and her tears were accompanied with
 those of her daughter. We were all
 extremely affected with the poor wo-
 man’s story: for my own part, I
 knew how to apply it to my own
 situation, which, though removed
 from want, was far more involved in
 disgrace than that of the poor unfor-
 tunate girl who sat crying before us.
 Mr. *Brudenell* did not suffer this tale
 of misery to be told without affording
 his consolation: he gave the good
 woman ten guineas, to which Miss
Harvey and myself added a charitable
 boon; and I promised, on quitting
 this cottage, to take the girl into my

service, and to send for her as soon as I should be arrived in town. This engagement I fulfilled; but she did not long remain in her place; for soon after she came to *London*, she was married to a respectable butcher in St. *James's* Market.

C H A P XIX.

Arrival in Town.—Receive a Visit from Lord Bateman.—The extraordinary Manner in which he introduces himself.—Suspect him for an Impostor;—A laughable Scene which followed in Consequence of the Opinion I had formed—Am undeceived and an Acquaintance commences.—He becomes an ardent Lover.—Variety of Anecdotes relative thereto—particularly a ridiculous Scene at Ranelagh.

WE now proceeded on our journey as fast as post horses could draw us,—and when we arrived at *Highgate*, who should we meet there but Lord *Edward Bentinck*, who had a very agreeable article of intelligence for my amusement.—This
was

was no less, to use his own phrase, than that the devil had got into my house, as all my servants had quitted it and had gone nobody knew where.—However, on my arrival in town, I soon found out their residence, which was at Miss *Winckels's*, my mantua-maker, who, with her usual policy, had persuaded the poor people to come and live with her during my absence, that she might meet me, on my return, with a long bill for their board and lodging.—I was not indeed quite so blind as she might think me;—I saw through her scheme, —but submitted to that and other impositions, during my acquaintance with her, in order to answer my own purposes.—She was a very convenient person for one in my situation, and it would
not

not have been my interest, at that time, to have come to a rupture with her.—My household, however, was soon re-established, and my affairs proceeded in their usual train.

Having occasion some few days after my arrival in town, to make some visits to mercers and milliners, I took my mantua-maker along with me;—and when these little commissions were executed she returned home, and very soon received a visit from a very spare-looking gentleman, whose business was to enquire concerning me.—After a long strain of admiration on my subject, he gave her two guineas, and assured her, that his future generosity should be very abundant, if she would contrive to procure him an introduction to
me

me.—She accordingly left him at her house, and came to give me the necessary intelligence, and to know if I would receive his visit —She did not, I must acknowledge, give me any very alluring description of him, —but she thought there could be no harm in seeing him;—and I consented to it on condition, that she would be present with me, when he was admitted to the parley which he solicited. The gentleman was accordingly ushered into the drawing-room, and a very miserable figure I thought he made, being dressed in very dirty boots, and an old green coat, that an itinerant jew would hardly have received into his knapsack.—I received him, therefore, with an air of haughty indifference, and, in a tone of supercilious consequence,

quence, demanded his business.—He said that he had followed me all the morning, as he was determined to know where I lived,—and that if I would permit him to visit me, I should find him to be far superior to what his appearance might lead me to suspect. But I was not disposed to take his word; for, some how or other, my prepossession against him was extreme, and I preremptorily refused to submit to his proposition.—To say the truth, I never wished to see him again.—“Pray Miss,” said he, smiling, “for whom, or “for what do you take me?” “To “tell you the truth,” I replied, “if your curiosity is anxious to hear “it, I think you are either a gambler, a fidler, or some notorious “pick-pocket.” He laughed heartily
at

at my sentiments concerning him, and then told me that he was Lord *Bateman*, and on my looking rather suspicious at this account of himself, he called a little dog he had with him, and desired me to read his title on a brass collar which the animal wore.—Still, however, I was incredulous, and told him, without the least reserve, that I believed the dog might belong to Lord *Bateman*, and that he might be a fellow servant in his Lordship's family;—this observation occasioned a renewal of the good Lord's laughter, who now soon took his leave, but made me promise to receive him in the evening, when he would convince me that he was no impostor. I did not hesitate to comply with his proposition, and he rewarded my compliance

pliance by putting a piece of paper into my bosom, which, on examination, I found to be a bank note of ten pounds.—“ If he is a thief,” said I, to my mantua-maker, “ he is not “ a poor one, and the rich, be who “ they might, began now to be very “ welcome to me.”

In the evening he kept his appointment, and paid me a visit in full dress, as he was going to the opera.—He requested me in the most earnest manner to meet him the next day in *Hyde-Park*, when he would convince me of the truth of every thing he had said to me concerning himself. He added, that he was master of the King's hounds, and that his servants wore the royal livery. His visit was but short, and
as

as I now began to believe that he was the very person he represented himself, I was not backward in encouraging his acquaintance, and in procuring his friendship.—The next day, therefore, I took my mantua-maker with me in my coach to the place of appointment, where his Lordship was waiting for me, with a servant in a scarlet livery leading his horses.—We walked together arm in arm for some time, when I returned to my carriage, and he mounted his horse, and, after taking a short airing, he returned home with me, and, from that time, became a very constant visitor and assiduous lover.—Not a day passed without my seeing him,—and so enamoured was he, that I not only accompanied him to all public places,
but

but received an offer from him of a settlement of four hundred pounds a year, if I would discharge all my connections, and make a faithful return to his affection. In short, such were the hopes with which he amused me, that I literally dropped all my acquaintance, except Captain *Walsingham* and Mr. *Brudenell*. Indeed, the latter of these gentlemen would never take a refusal at my door, and when I was denied would abuse the servant, myself, and Lord *Bateman*, whom he used to honour with the title of the *old cheesemonger*.

His Lordship's passion, however, encreased to such a degree, that I have frequently had him for an hour together on his knees before me, entreating me to discard all my
other

other acquaintance and attach myself entirely to him.—Then he would talk of settlements and eternal affection, and breathe the most ardent vows of love and adoration.—He generally stayed with me till one or two o'clock in the morning, and would very frequently, after his chair was ordered to take him home, walk about the room for two or three hours, taking leave of me and returning again, and never failing to repeat, as a proof of his taste, his passion and his memory,

Good night, my love!—parting is such
sweet sorrow,
That I could say good night, 'till it were
morrow.

Indeed, to say the truth, I began
to be flattered by this nobleman's
attentions,

attentions, and felt some disposition to make him generous and affectionate returns. But my friend Miss *Harvey*, who possessed a clearer insight into his character than myself, was continually blaming me for the sacrifices I was making to him: and she was right:—for, while he was imposing upon me with his fond declarations and splendid promises;—while he was keeping me at a distance from those friends who would have provided for me, he was living in the arrant violation of that fidelity which he was daily recommending to my practice, and pursuing carnal pleasures with the most abandoned trumpery of the streets.

But I will not degrade my page or mortify his Lordship with the poor
and

and petty histories of his vagabond passions,—I will not risque the possibility of giving offence to my readers, by describing the indelicacy of his amours;—but proceed to those circumstances of my connection with him, and others, which may afford perhaps both amusement and instruction. I shall not now repeat his confidential communications to me, when his Lordship was threatened with an application to parish officers by a certain pregnant woman, who so *unjustly* pointed out this gallant nobleman as the father of that child which was about to make its entrance on the theatre of life:—I shall not detail his ridiculous jealousy at the *Al Fresco* ball at *Vauxhall*, when Lord *Deloraine* entreated me to become his partner in the dance:—but
it

it is impossible for me to pass over the *Bal Paré* at *Ranelagh*, which soon succeeded, and where the noble Lord and myself acted a part that afforded no small amusement to the spectators of it.

It was his Lordship's own proposal that I should accompany him to this scene of festivity, and he was so generous as to purchase a pale pink and silver dress to grace me on the occasion. Miss *Harvey* and myself were both determined to appear with all the *éclat* our pockets and situations would allow; and not content with our own jewels, which, at this time, were not inconsiderable, we hired diamonds of a jeweller, and paid eight guineas for one evening's loan of the sparkling ornaments.—

We, therefore, made a very splendid appearance; but, as all human pleasures, for I have long since learned the melancholy truth, are imperfect,—I found my little hour of importance was to receive a very severe interruption from Lord *Bateman's* inattention to me. I had expected flattering attendance on his part;—but instead of answering my expectations and making me the object of his public homage, he only occasionally spoke to me, and yielded himself up, as it were, to a lady dressed in a manner so inferior to the rest of the company, that she ought to have blushed at making such an appearance, and he should have shrunk into some hole or corner with her, in order to have escaped from public observation.

I felt

I felt myself insulted at his conduct, and irritated by the friendly observations of my friend Miss *Harvey*, was determined to take some sort of revenge on them both. He told me that the lady in question was a clergyman's widow from *Windsor*; and I assured him that if he continued his attentions to her, he should repent of it, as I would most certainly offer her some very notorious insult. And if you do, he replied, I will see you no more:—I answered, that he should see a little more of me, at least, during that evening, and I kept my word with his Lordship: for I not only did every thing I could to confound his fair companion, but Miss *Harvey* entering into all the spirit of my resentment, took an opportunity

to give her a very smart flap on the face, which the lady was about to return, when an universal disturbance arising from the wine being locked up from the company, our little broil passed unobserved.—This circumstance, and my threatening to stamp a gold locket, which he had given me, to pieces,---brought on an altercation between his Lordship and me, which ended in my seizing him by the skirt of his little bit of a dress-coat, and dragging him about the room till the flap was torn off, and he was obliged to retreat to a box to hide the ragged condition of his drapery.---There I left him in high dudgeon, and retired with Sir *Peter Lester* and Mr. *Standish* to a party in the gallery, where, after the glass was, for some short time, pushed
freely

freely about, I left the place with those gentlemen, and after having breakfasted with Mr. *Standish* at his house, a chair was called and I returned home.

Some time about the middle of the day, I saw Lord *Bateman* ride by my house attended by a couple of servants, but without casting a single glance towards me.---This circumstance made me rather uneasy, as it gave me cause to apprehend that I had carried the jest rather too far.---As I had separated myself from my best friends on his account, and had contracted debts to no inconsiderable amount, it naturally occurred to me, that if Lord *Bateman* should actually leave me, my situation would be extremely disagreeable. I

therefore addrest a civil letter to him at *Almack's*, desiring the favour of his company that very night:--- but, instead of flying as he had been used to do to receive my commands, he did not come till the following evening, and brought a very gloomy, distant, and reserved countenance along with him.---He began with complaining, that he had been that morning persecuted by one of my creditors, and expressing a very serious apprehension that his doors would be besieged by them.---I, in reply, pleaded poverty, which he pretended not to believe, and took his leave of me without offering any service, or throwing off the melancholy air which he had assumed, with some view or other, which I shall not attempt to explain.---It is
true

true that the Dowager Lady *Baleman* died about this time,---but as his Lordship was a gainer of, at least, two thousand pounds a year by the event, I shall not flatter his sensibility so much as to imagine that her death produced any thing like a melancholy idea in his mind.

C H A P. XX.

Receive a Message from Lord Percy, who saw me at Ranelagh—Amour with his Lordship—Coolness takes place between Lord Bateman and myself—Sit for my Picture to Ryland for Mr. G. Brudenell—Accident that befel me on my return Home—Mr. Walsingham renews his Friendship, and proposes to take me from the Scenes of Extravagance I was then in—A new Scene with Lord Bateman—Quit my Residence, and take Apartments in Soho.

MY situation was not, at this moment, so pleasant as it had sometimes been; but the interval of painful suspense was not destined to be of any long duration; for as Miss Harvey

vey and myself were sitting at breakfast the next morning, Mr. *Kildare*, of *King's-Place*, brought me a message from Earl *Percy*, now Duke of *Northumberland*, who, having seen me at *Ranelagh*, expressed a very earnest desire that I would either permit him to wait upon me, or condescend to visit him, as it would be most agreeable to myself.

Though there was an existing difference between Lord *Bateman* and me, I had not absolutely given up all hopes of obtaining the promised settlement from him; I was therefore determined not to give him any additional cause of complaint, by forming acknowledged connections; and, on this account, proposed meeting Earl *Percy* at his own house; and that

very evening I paid his Lordship my first visit. I found him amiable, attentive, and generous; and, by continuing my visits to him, I was soon enabled to discharge all my debts, without the mortification of applying to any other friend.

My connection with Lord *Percy*, for whom I began to feel a very sincere preference, made me more and more indifferent to the then Master of the King's buck-hounds: indeed, his conduct was extremely changed; for, instead of calling upon me three or four times a day, which had been his constant practice, he did not now favour me with more than two or three visits in the course of a week: but his place was well supplied by others; for *George Brudenell*, who had
been

been for some time out of town, was, on his return, as ardent as ever in renewing his intimacy with me, and equally unreserved in those supplies which were so welcome to me. Among other marks of his regard, he insisted upon having my portrait in miniature; and, an elegant dress being prepared, for the purpose of personal advantage, I presented myself to Mr. *Ryland*, who soon finished the picture, the value of which was very high being enhanced, by an accident which might have rendered it the only memorial of me; for, in returning from his house, I fell, accidentally, into a lime-cellar, but providentially escaped all injury to myself: my fine new dress was the only sufferer, and that was rendered unfit for any future purpose of use or vanity.

At this period I received the following letter from Mr. *Walsingham* :

Portugal-street, Wednesday Morning.

My dear Girl,

“ I have been very ill, for some
 “ time, at the Earl of *Shelburne*’s, in
 “ the country. I hear Lord *Bateman*
 “ and you have differed, and that,
 “ by this time, you, like many others,
 “ have experienced the *friendship* of
 “ the greatest libertine, of his age,
 “ in *England*. Were you sensible of
 “ the sincere regard I have for you,
 “ you would shun him, and take my
 “ advice. I watched him narrowly
 “ —he is at a Mrs. *Curtis*’s, in *Pol-*
 “ *land-street*, every day in the week,
 “ telling a Miss *Byron* a fine story of
 “ a settlement, as he has done you.

1

“ I

“ I have one propofal to make you,
 “ and if you refufe it, we muft fepa-
 “ rate for ever ; which is, my dear
 “ girl, to give up that ready-furnish-
 “ ed houfe, and go into lodgings,
 “ and turn off that retinue of people
 “ you have about you ; and get rid
 “ of Mifs *Harvey*, who is no friend
 “ of your’s.

“ Don’t think I wifh you to live
 “ in any other ftyle than that of a
 “ gentlewoman. I have it in my
 “ power to make as good a fettle-
 “ ment on you as my Lord *Bateman*,
 “ and will do it. I fend a confiden-
 “ tial friend of mine to you, to whom
 “ you may fpeak without referve, as
 “ he knows the fincere regard I have
 “ for you—There is no neceffity for
 “ keeping any fecret from him—He
 “ will

“ will be with you at nine o'clock
“ this evening, and I beg you will
“ see him. I am,

Your's most sincerely.

B. W.”

This letter was very agreeable to me, as it afforded me the hope of renewing my friendship with Mr. *Walsingham*. On communicating this epistle to Miss *Harvey*, she advised me, by all means, to regain the protection of that gentleman, though she perceived he was a determined enemy to her, as she was clearly of opinion that Lord *Bateman* intended to break off his acquaintance with me: I, therefore, received Mr. *Walsingham*'s confidential Ambassador with all possible

sible civility, and listened, with all my attention, to the following diplomatic harangue :

“ My dear Madam,

“ My friend, Mr. *Walsingham*, is
“ almost in a state of distraction on
“ your account. He wishes you to
“ put down your carriage, and quit
“ your house, and he will purchase
“ an house for you. He does not
“ wish you, my dear Madam, to go
“ far into the country, as he knows
“ you do not love retirement. It is
“ uncertain, my dear Madam, whe-
“ ther he may not be soon called upon
“ to serve his king and country ; and
“ he would be the most wretched
“ man, my dear Madam, in the
“ world, if he did not settle you
“ before

“ before he quitted the kingdom.---
“ As he is not very well, sleeping in
“ the country is recommended to
“ him ; and he will call here, my
“ dear Madam, this very evening,
“ and take you along with him to
“ Sir *William Meredith's*, at *Chel-*
“ *sea.*”

In this manner, and, with a thousand “ dear Madams,” did this gentleman harangue, till Mr. *Walsingham's* arrival. He was in great good humour, and proposed having some supper before we went, that we might not give any trouble where we were going : accordingly, I sent to the Royal Larder, in *Gerard-street*, for the best it contained ; and, while we were in high glee and pleasantry, the servant

vant came up stairs to inform me that Lord *Bateman* was below.

Mr. *Walsingham* now began to intreat me, in the most earnest manner, to break off with this *charming* nobleman at once, and take the present opportunity to desire him not to trouble himself with visiting me any more: I therefore desired him and his friend to listen on the stair-case, and I would afford them all the satisfaction in my power. For this purpose I went down into the parlour, where his Lordship received me in the most rapturous term of approbation; but my manner of accosting *him* bore a very different appearance. “Well, my Lord,” said I, “you think yourself wonderfully
“cunning---and that I am so great
“a

“ a fool as not to penetrate into all
“ your miserable designs: be assured
“ that your deceptions are well known
“ to me; and that I have learned a
“ sufficient degree of art to be a match
“ even for your veteran hypocrisy.”
“ Oh !” replied he, “ that wretched
“ toad of a mantua-maker, or Miss
“ *Harvey*, I suppose, has been tel-
“ ling you a parcel of infamous lies ?”
—“ No such thing, my Lord,” I
answered; “ but the rarity of your
“ visits, and the coolness of them,
“ when they were made, created my
“ suspicions; and those suspicions
“ produced an enquiry, which has
“ given me a complete knowledge
“ of your Lordship’s courses and
“ character.” “ Indeed, my dear
“ Nancy,” said he, “ you are mis-
“ taken: I have been very much
“ en-

“ engaged of late at *Almack's*, in balloting for new members, and that
“ has detained me from you.” “ Oh!
“ then,” I replied, “ if you have
“ been at the gaming-table, I hope
“ you have met with success, and
“ will permit me to share it with
“ you, as I have, at present, a very
“ uncommon demand for pecuniary
“ supplies.”—This declaration drew forth his purse, and he gave me twenty-three new guineas, which he said had been paid him at the Treasury. I was not patriot or courtier sufficient to value the coin either more or less for that circumstance: indeed, if the bribes from that quarter did not possess a more powerful operation on the actions and sentiments of others, than this little *rouleau* of national money did on me, the charge of secret service

vice would be seen no more; for I most certainly made no other return to the good Lord, but ironical enquiries and observations concerning his *Poland-street* connections.

All this, however, he bore with a very Christian patience; and, when he found an opportunity, requested that I would accompany him the next morning to *Barrow's Hedges*, where he was going to hunt.—As I was already engaged, I was obliged to say, No—and, being in a saucy humour, as well as piqued withal at his apparent neglect of me, I advised him rather to take his hounds to *Poland-street*, as there was a good kennel, and plenty of game of some sort or other, as he well knew. At first he pretended to force a laugh, and to
treat

treat my *badinage* as a joke; but, when I told him that Mrs. *Curtis*, the Mistress of the *Poland-street* Seminary, had been to fetch *me* to his Lordship, he began to vow and protest in a most solemn, and, I may add, in a most shameful manner—that, since he had been acquainted with me, he had known no other woman but Lady *Bateman* and myself.

I had not, to say the truth, been much in earnest with the noble Lord; but, on his appearing to think me such a credulous fool, I was so nettled as to become a little more pointed in my speech, and to address a few interrogatories to him, which did not sit easy on his Lordship's recollection. Among other things, I thought proper to ask him, Whether Lady ——
 did

did not follow him into the neighbourhood of *St. Giles's*, and catch him and her own maid together, at a low lodging, with both their heads just peeping above the blankets of a small press bed?—Struck dumb at this unlucky question, I did not hesitate to ask him, Whether he did not remember to have made many other similar communications to me, in the confidential moments of his late fond and faithful passion?—but, alas! I could win no reply; and he was swelling with passion of a very different nature—when, who should arrive, but my mantua-maker, with a gown for trial. This person had been rather a favourite of his Lordship's; and, in his visits to me, he used to amuse himself by an occasional romp with her: but his wrath

was

was now kindled against her, on a suspicion of her having given the information I had just retailed to him; and he began to exercise a little of his elegant abuse upon her subject—but she, perceiving how circumstances were between him and me, retorted with equal spirit; and I left the Master of his Majesty's Buck Hounds, and the enraged mantua-maker, to scold for the amusement of myself and friends. The noble Lord, however, soon grew tired of a contest, in which nothing was to be obtained, and a great deal of language thrown away, that might be of use in his kennel; and left the house without any other satisfaction from me, than that, when I was at leisure, he should receive an intimation of it.

After

After laughing, for some time, with Mr. *Walsingham*, at the scene which had just taken place, we went together to sleep at the villa of Sir *William Meredith*, at *Chelsea*. Here my friend renewed his serious conversation, and promised to reward a prudent and more retired life, on my part, with every attention and mark of regard it was in his power to bestow: in short, I promised him to live as quiet as possible till my debts were paid, and then resign myself to that manner of life which would be most agreeable to him. In consequence of the disposition which I now manifested, he desired me to make out an exact account of my debts, and to use all possible expedition in getting rid of my house: accordingly, I sent for Mr. *Taylor*, my landlord,
and

and informed him of my intention to quit his house; and some altercation taking place between us, relative to my paying for the remainder of the term, Lord *Bolingbroke*, who had just called upon me, and was waiting in the next room, was so obliging as to join us, and to assist me in settling the matter to my satisfaction; for the moment Mr. *Taylor* perceived that a man of Lord *Bolingbroke*'s rank and fortune stood forth to preserve me from wrong, he generously condescended to do me right.

I now took an handsome apartment in *Church-street, Soho*, at the house of a Mr. *Lee*, a taylor, where I found every thing much to my satisfaction. Lord *Bolingbroke* called upon me again the next day, with his brother Colo-

nel St. *John*, and made me repeated offers of his service : indeed, his visits were very frequent, but merely of the *chit-chat kind* ; and whenever any little matter of uneasiness had taken place between him and his favourite Miss *Jones*, which, from the frequency of his attentions to me, and the language of his complaints, I did not uncharitably judge to be almost a daily business.

C H A P. XXI.

Lord Bateman renews his Visits.—Endeavours to prevent the re-union between me and Mr. Walsingham.—Lord Barrymore introduced.—A mad Frolic of Mr. G. Brudenell's, with a Mr. Perkins, a Quaker.—Accompany Lord Barrymore and Mr. Brudenell to the Ridotta.—Joined by the Duke of Bolton, Lord Lisle, &c.—Adventures of that Evening.

NOTwithstanding my easy, negligent manner, to say no worse, of treating Lord *Bateman*, his Lordship could not bring himself to desert me.---I received at this time an evening visit from him,---when I communicated to him my intentions

of giving up my carriage, as well as quitting my house, and submitting myself to the sole disposal of Mr. *Walsingham*. This design did not quite meet with his Lordship's approbation,---but, with all the mighty, unextinguishable passion which he declared for me, the noble Lord took no solid methods to secure me to himself. Indeed, he, at this time, offered me a chariot which was just finishing for his own use;---but on a laughable suggestion of mine, that I would not accept the vehicle unless the pannels were dignified with the arms and other accoutrements of the *Bateman* family,---this little negotiation was soon discarded. But he still was so good as to interest himself in every thing that concerned me:---he insisted upon accompanying
ing

ing me to see my new apartments, and, finding the master of the house to be a taylor, he made him, I know not why, a thousand promises of friendship;---that he should make the king's liveries, and have a right, in consequence of that business, to place his majesty's arms over his door, &c. &c. In short, I thought he was about offering to *make a settlement on the taylor*, and I just wasted a gentle whisper of such a sentiment to his ear,—which put an end at once to his verbal profusion, and we returned to my house, not in the best humour with each other.—Nor was his Lordship's little dissatisfaction rendered less by being informed that during our absence Lord *Barrymore* and Captain *Fox* had been to pay me a visit.

This circumstance occasioned me no small persecution, as I was now obliged to hear a long detail of scandal on the subject of the noble Lord and his friend who had just been at my door.—Indeed, to say the truth, I was preparing a very severe answer to the calumniating harangue,—when it concluded with an enquiry, if I wanted any money. This question settled my resentment at once,—and my answer convinced his Lordship, or at least ought to have done it,—that a trifling sum would not be of much use to me.—Well, my dear child, said he, you may have any thing in the world that I can give you;—and accordingly taking out his purse,—this generous,—affectionate,—enamoured nobleman, who had been just offering me a
new

new carriage, telling me to command his fortune and sighing at my feet, made me a present of *eleven Guineas*, and walked off in his usual manner, promising me, that on the morrow, I should have every thing my utmost wishes could desire.— But such morrows, alas! never arrived.

My friend Miss *Harvey* happening, at this time, to be in the country, I had no one to consult, and, therefore, was obliged to trust to the feeble aid of my own discretion.— As I was on the point of quitting my house and going into lodgings, where I could not enjoy the same liberty, I sent a note to Mr. *Brudenell* to inform him of that circumstance, and to request, that on ac-

count of his noisy and riotous mode of behaviour, he would not attempt to visit me in my new situation.— But he was not the only gentleman whom I proposed to dismiss from my acquaintance on this occasion, and was preparing to write to several others, when Lord *Barrymore's* name was announced to me. His Lordship immediately began to make violent protestations of his regard for me, and accompanied them with a beautiful gold locket, elegantly adorned with brilliants. He also very politely informed me that he had just been at his silversmith's, and ordered a piece of plate, which he trusted, I would permit him to have the honour of presenting to me.— This intended offering was a very handsome silver tea-kettle and lamp, —but

—but it was a capricious moment with me, and, which had very seldom happened before; a sudden fit of prudery seized upon me,—so that I absolutely refused his Lordship's kindness upon the honourable and delicate principle of his being a married man, and the husband of one of the most beautiful women in the kingdom.

He readily acknowledged the propriety of my objection, but assured me, on his honour, that Lady *Barrymore* was of such a delicate constitution, that she not only slept separately from him, but knew of his attentions to other women, and thought nothing of them. His Lordship, however, did not stop here—for he not only justified himself, but retaliated upon

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me,

me, by a little enquiry how long I had suffered such inconvenient scruples to take possession of me,—and when I had seen Lord *Bateman*, Mr. *Walsingham*, and Sir *Peter Lester*.—This unexpected interrogatory, which I was not prepared to answer, and a few generous arguments of irresistible impression, which he threw into my lap, soon convinced me of my erroneous opinions, and I consented to receive a visit from his Lordship in the evening of that very day.

As I had, at this time, acquainted my creditors of my intention to remove, one of them, a Mr. *Perkins*, a broker, of *Crown Court*, called upon me for the payment of a little bill. While I was talking with him
upon

upon this subject, who should arrive but that lively, agreeable rattle *George Brudenell*, and he no sooner appeared than I desired Mr. *Perkins* to go into the kitchen, and be so good as to wait till I was at leisure, when I would discharge his demands. He accordingly retired, and was no sooner gone, than my friend *George* began to play his usual pranks.—“And who,” said he, “is that diabolical rip you have just sent away to make love to your cook maid?” I told him that he was one of my creditors, a very honest man and a quaker. “If that be so,” answered he, “I’ll quaker him before he goes out of the house.” In vain did I remonstrate upon the impropriety of his design, and the injury he might do me by ill treating a man to whom I was

E 6 indebted

indebted, and who was, most probably, connected with others of my creditors;—but all my entreaties, which were urged in every possible manner, could not prevail upon him to desist from his impertinent enterprize.—So after whitening his face, and pinning a napkin under his chin, he descended into the kitchen, and there insisted upon the quaker's preaching him an instantaneous sermon. —“The spirit moveth me,” said *George* to him, “to make thee preach.” “Indeed my friend,” replied *Mr. Perkins*, “I am come to receive a little bill of the lady above.” “And, be assured,” answered *Brudenell*, “thou shalt be paid thy little bill, but not till thou hast preached a little sermon; nor shall thou go out of this place till the spirit has moved thee
“ to

“to do what the spirit has moved
“me to bid thee.”

At this moment Lord *Barrymore* arrived, and the scene had a new spectator.—“Now, my friend,” says *George*, “here is a Lord added to the
“meeting, and therefore I desire thou
“wilt not hesitate a moment to begin
“thy oration,—and when thou hast
“done, I’ll begin mine.” “Ah!” said the quaker, “thou art a young man,
“my friend, and I trust, in time thou
“wilt know better, and act with more
“discretion.” “Very true, friend,” replied Mr. *Brudenell*, “and thou must
“hold forth for the sake of my conversion, or else thou shalt go up the
“chimney; for if we were not here,
“thou old serpent, thou wouldst soon
“hold forth to the cook maid.” He
then

then ordered the boy to take off the fire, and swore in the most vehement manner, that if *Aminidab* did not preach, *Aminidab* should certainly, and quickly too, be made perfectly well acquainted with the chimney-sweeper's track.—On hearing this declaration, I thought it high time for me to interfere; and I accordingly went down to the kitchen, where I at first entreated Mr. *Brudenell*, in the most humble manner, to desist from his ridiculous treatment of an honest tradesman with whom he had no concern;—I then grew violent, and threatened him with the loss of my acquaintance, if he continued to behave in that ungentleman-like and profligate manner; but my entreaty and menaces produced no other good effect, than

than a positive assurance on his part—that if I did not quit the kitchen, I should be of the quaker's party, and accompany him in his footy progress.

What to do in this dilemma, I did not know,---and how to prevent the disagreeable consequences which might arise from Mr. *Brudenell's* misconduct I was equally at a loss,---Lord *Barrymore* was so obliging as to interpose his influence,---and on my promising to accompany them both to the *ridotta*, the young gentleman consented to let Mr. *Perkins* depart without any other inconvenience but what he had suffered, under the apprehension of personal ill-treatment, from the inconsiderate and ungovernable folly of Mr. *Brudenell*.

denell.---Lord *Barrymore* and *George*, went home to dress, and about one in the morning, his Lordship's carriage conveyed us all to the *ridotta*.

We had not been long in the room before we were joined by the Duke of *Bolton*, the Hon. Mr. *John Lysaght*, now Lord *Lisle*, of *Ireland*, and my friend Mr. *Walsingham*.---We formed a very pleasant party, the mirth of which was not a little encreased by the crazy anticks of my mad-cap friend *George Brudenell*. Mr. *Walsingham*, who never omitted an opportunity of engaging me in prudential small-talk, began his usual strain of admonitory questions, by asking me concerning my getting into lodgings and the disposal of my carriage.---I told him I was preparing to take possession

possession of the former, and that as soon as the month was expired I should discharge the other.---He desired me to let him know, when I was settled:---and it being now between three and four o'clock, Lord *Barrymore* and I contrived to slip away from our company, and we returned to my house in his Lordship's chariot.---In our way thither he told me with great candour, that he could not pretend to make a settlement on me, as his estate was much incumbered, but, that if I would permit him to visit me, I should always find him such as I could wish, both as to generosity and honour; and, as an earnest of his dispositions towards me, he presented me with bank notes to the amount of seventy pounds. The
next

next morning he sent me the silver tea-kettle and lamp, which he had already mentioned, accompanied with a message that he should repeat his visit at a very early period.

C H A P. XXII.

Arrested and taken to a Spunging-House—The Nature of those Places described—Meet with a Miss Laurence, a beautiful young Girl, who had been under the Protection of Parson Bates—Her History—Extricate her from her dreadful Situation.

AS I was to remove into my lodgings the next day, I was determined to employ the morning in looking over my bills, and discharging as many of them as the money, I had in my possession, would allow; but as my servant was opening the street-door, in order to fetch some of my creditors to me, a plain dressed, furly,

furly, ill-looking man, rushed into the house, and was followed by two others of a similar, diabolic appearance. After asking if my name was *Sheldon*, and being answered in the affirmative, the fellow informed me that he had a writ against me, at the suit of Mr. *Perkins*, the quaker, who had, the preceding evening, been so harraffed and menaced by *George Brudenell*. I remonstrated against the proceedings as extremely ungenerous, on the part of Mr. *Perkins*, and offered the debt, which was not five pounds, without the least hesitation; but I found that it was absolutely necessary for me to attend the myrmidons to their den, before I could be discharged; and, ordering my chair, I was convoyed, by these wretches,

to

to the house of the Bailiff, in the neighbourhood of the *Seven Dials*.

On my arrival there, I was not received with much ceremony or civility ; and it was with some difficulty that I was admitted into a parlour. On my servant's arrival, I sent him to my mantua-maker, as a knowing person in this kind of business, and desired her to come immediately to my succour, and bring a lawyer with her. While I was waiting for her arrival, several ladies, who were confined in the house, came into the room, and behaved in a manner by no means becoming their unfortunate situation. There was, however, among them, one exception to this general description : she was a young creature, of a very amiable appearance,

ance, who seemed to be overwhelmed with sorrow. I was affected at the melancholy which possessed her countenance, and desiring her to sit down by me, I began to question her concerning her present condition; when she gave the following short history of herself, and of the horrid place in which we both had the misfortune to find ourselves.

She said her name was *Laurence*,—that she had been in the custody of the bailiff about seven weeks, at the suit of an *hair-dresser*, to whom she owed only seven pounds,—though, on account of the attorney's bill, which amounted to twice as much as the original debt, she was detained there for about twenty guineas.—She had lived, it seems, for some
time

time with parson *Bates*, and whether it arose from inability or disinclination in him to pay her debt she could not tell,—but, she said, he had never once deigned to visit her or take the least notice of her distressed situation.—Indeed, so very dejected had this unhappy young woman been for some time, that she had attempted to put an end to her existence, and would certainly have effected her melancholy purpose, if she had not been prevented by the people of the house: and this circumstance had determined them to consign her to *Newgate* that very evening, where, as they humanely expressed themselves, she might put an end to herself as soon as she pleased.

She

She informed me that there were several women of the town then prisoners in the house, who were permitted to carry on their profession there, provided they would expend the profits of it for the benefit of their keeper: but as she was really attached to Mr. *Bates*, she would not conform to such proceedings, and had; therefore, been treated with every mark of contempt, and persecuted with a continued series of menaces and mortifications.—She also told me, that the moment my chairmen had discovered my situation, and that I had plenty of money, the party had formed a plan to get me down into the kitchen in order to make me intoxicated, and then take an opportunity of pilfering what I had about me.—Thus
she

she continued to relate the wretched scenes which were continually acting in that den of infamy by the savage monsters who inhabited it, when Miss *Winckels* and the attorney arrived to deliver us both from the jaws of it.

The officer was now called and desired to tell his demand against me, which he made out to be four pounds fifteen shillings, with the expence of the writ, which was fifteen shillings more, though, he said, it was common to charge a guinea for it.—Then, answered the attorney, this shall be uncommon; for the lady is not of age, nor shall she pay an halfpenny of the demand against her,—and, as for your conduct, added he addressing himself

the bailiff,—you shall answer for it in another place.” The rascal of a myrmidon, finding he had been wrong, began to be very submissive, and made no objection to my departure.—The debt of Miss *Laurence* was also discharged, and I took her home with me. In the evening the remainder of my property was conveyed to my lodgings, and my new female companion and myself accompanied it thither.

C H A P XXIII.

Mr. Walsingham highly approves my Conduct respecting Miss Laurence, whom I brought Home with me.—We accompany him to a Masquerade in the Character of Quakers.—Sir F. Evelyn falls in Love with Miss Laurence, takes her under his Protection, and makes her a handsome Settlement.—Another mad Frolic of Mr. G. Brudenell's.

MR. Walsingham being informed of my removal, the next morning he favoured me with a visit,—when I informed him concerning the pleasant dilemma of the preceding day, and the emancipation of Miss Laurence, whom I presented to him.—The former part of the busi-

ness afforded him no small amusement,—but the latter part of it received all the praise which might be expected to proceed from so good an heart, as all who knew him, knew that he possessed.

I rather dwell upon this little circumstance, and the humane, I trust, will excuse me for it.—It is not, I thank heaven, the only act of benevolence in the miscellany of my life,—and I now derive no small consolation from this and other similar exceptions to my errors.—Charity is said by the highest authority, to cover a multitude of sins;—it is therefore my interest to spread what I have possessed of the former as wide as possible, in order to hide the extensive space which is occupied by the latter. But

But in this pantomime of my life, I must hasten to other scenes, and the next which presents itself is a masquerade at the opera house.— This entertainment took place in a few days after our escape from du-rance vile, and Mr. *Walsingham* proposed to accompany us thither. The noble Captain made his appearance in the character of a Chinese king, and we transformed ourselves into two *simple quakers* to hang upon his majesty's arms. Of myself I shall say nothing, as becomes me, but Miss *Laurence* looked uncommonly beautiful, and when she unmasked, won the attentions of many an aspiring domino. At supper, Sir *Frederick Evelyn* added himself to our little company, which he did not afterwards forsake, and was so obliging

as to take us home in his own carriage.

In mentioning this circumstance, I shall at least display a candid and unenvious mind,—as the attentions of this amiable Baronet were not at all directed to me, but were the entire homage of my charming companion. The next morning Sir *Frederic* paid his divinity a visit, and to give her the brilliance of that character, presented her with a packet of jewels to a considerable value. The preceding day, at the desire of the enamoured knight, elegant lodgings were taken for Miss *Laurence*, in *David-Street, Berkley-Square*, till he could procure an house for her to his satisfaction.— Thus this amiable girl was removed, at once, from extreme misery and dejection,

dejection, to joy and affluence,—but this was not all;—her power of pleasing had such an effect on the heart of her friend, that he soon settled upon her an annuity of three hundred pounds a year.

At this period Mr. *Walsingham* was very constant in his attentions to me, and very generous indeed in his pecuniary communications:---I really wanted for nothing that even my caprices could suggest as necessary to my pleasure; but, though I made some struggles to that effect, I could not drive any of my former visitors from me; they continued their occasional attentions: and if Lord *Barrymore* and Mr. *Brudenell* had been the only admirers which intruded upon me, there would have been lit-

tle or no reason to have blamed my infidelity, or called my prudence in question, as the former was even munificent in his conduct towards me, and the latter, though wild and riotous, always had a full purse, and never refused me the pleasure of emptying it.

Of this gentleman's disposition to fun, frolic, and noise, the reader has been amused with more than one example; and I cannot resist the opportunity of getting away a little from myself, by offering another.

Mr. *Brudenell*, one frolicksome morning, in his way to my apartment, thought proper to make an unceremonious entry into my landlord's parlour, where he and Mrs.

Lee

Lee happened to be,—when, without further ceremony, he asked the good man, Whether he was not a taylor?—and being answered in the affirmative, “Why then, Mr. taylor,” said *Brudenell*, “can you make *hunting caps*? because, if you possess that art, I will put you in the way to make your fortune presently.” “Indeed, Sir,” answered Mr. *Lee*, “I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind dispositions towards me, but I never saw an *hunting-cap* made in my life.” “But your foreman,” replied *Brudenell*, “may know something of the matter, if you do not.” “To that I can make no reply,” said the taylor, “but if you please I will call him down to you, and make the necessary enquiries.” “If he is in the house,”

answered my mad-cap friend, "I
" can make the enquiries myself;"
and accordingly he ran up stairs with
all possible expedition, and found his
way into the garret, to the surprise
of at least a dozen journeymen tay-
lors, who were there at work, and
in little expectation of such a visit.
After having called forth the fore-
man, he put the same questions to
him that he had proposed to the
master, and, receiving the same an-
swer, he jumped immediately upon
the board on which the workmen
sat; and taking a bottle of brandy
out of his pocket, he poured it into
his hat. "That," said he to the
man, "is an *hunting-cap*, and though
" you cannot make it, I trust you
" will contrive to drink it"—which,
after some hesitation, the gentry of
the

the thimble very thankfully performed. He then told Mr. *Lee* who he was; and not only ordered a suit of clothes for himself, but promised to send his servants the next day to be measured for elegant liveries. “And
 “now,” said he, “Mr. Taylor, you
 “will be so good as to go down to
 “the lady who lodges below, and
 “tell her to come up immediately
 “that she may be measured also.”

Mr. *Lee* hesitated at first to obey this command of his crazy customer, but finding there was no alternative he came down to me, and, after describing the scene that had been acting above, he informed me of the embarrassment with which he had been invested: accordingly, up into the garret I went; and I was not only measured for an elegant dress myself, but, as

he had ordered liveries for his own servants, he did me the favour to command the same for mine. Thus, having finished his frolic, he accompanied me to my apartment, where, after a short stay, I coaxed him into a departure, as I, every moment, expected a visit from Mr. *Walsingham*, whose generosity and attentions to me were of such a nature as to compel me to observe towards him all the decorum of which I was capable: but a disposition to decorum was not, alas! among my leading propensities; and my visitors were now become so numerous, that, in order to keep them separate from each other, every part of the house was occasionally occupied by some or other of them. This circumstance occasioned Mr. and Mrs. *Lee* to be alarmed for their daughter, who

who was an extremely fine girl ; and on that account, as well, perhaps, as from some little regard to the reputation of their house, they began to conduct themselves in such a manner towards me, as to render my situation extremely unpleasant, and make a removal from it absolutely necessary for the comfort and interests of my life.

In short, a little riot which took place in consequence of the behaviour of Lord *Bateman* and a Miss *Brilliant*, the favourite of Lord *Deleraine*, with an account of which I shall not soil these pages, made it absolutely necessary for me to depart, without delay, from my present place of abode. Mr. *Walsingham* had promised to become security for the rent of any house

house I should take ; and I shortly took a very good one in *Delahay-street, Westminster*, exactly opposite the Hotel of the *Compte de Guignes*, the Minister from his Most Christian Majesty to the Court of *London*. Painters, upholsterers, &c. &c, were immediately set to work ; and my mansion was soon in a state to receive me : nor was it long before a bill, to the amount of between seven and eight hundred pounds was delivered for the elegant furniture, &c. with which I had decorated my apartments.

But with such a demand hanging over me, I was not discouraged, or troubled with any apprehensions ; for though I was obliged to deny myself to many a friendly visitor, on account of Mr. *Walsingham*, yet, such as were
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admitted did not consider me as unworthy of their generosity; and, in the first month, I was enabled, besides my current expences, to pay upwards of three hundred pounds to the upholsterer: what remained I thought it became Mr. *Walsingham* to discharge, as my attentions to him prevented me from receiving those who could have amply contributed towards the payment of it. But when he examined the bill, and saw the extravagance of it, I thought he would have gone stark, staring mad. As he read it, article by article, his anger increased; but, when he came to the lamp in the passage, which was charged three guineas, he became outrageous—left the house—and I did not see his face for upwards of two months.

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The absence of this gentleman, though it mortified me a little at first, was not, upon the whole, disadvantageous to me, as it gave a full scope to my inclinations, and left me to pursue the unrestrained means of discharging the remainder of that bill which had, for the present, deprived me of my friend. Lord *Barrymore* continued his visits for some time; and he very seldom called upon me without leaving me richer, by twenty pounds, than he found me. He was a polite and amiable nobleman, and possessed all the associate virtues of a generous disposition. His Lordship was frequently accompanied with a Captain *Fox*, who, though he was not a man of fortune, deserved the utmost politeness from me, as he was the Sir *Clement Cotterel* to many a profitable

fitable admirer of mine. Among the rest, I owe to this gentleman the introduction of Sir *Robert Barnard*, at whose house, in *Half-Moon-street*, I had the honour both of supping and sleeping; and where, from the total want of spirit and vivacity, I never desired to have the honour of supping or sleeping again.

On my return from this dull scene, I received a visit from Miss *Hudson*, now Mrs. *Tempest*, for the purpose of inviting me to accompany her and Captain *O'Hara*, of the Guards, on a party to dine at *Salt-Hill*, which I readily accepted. This lady was an object of great admiration at that period; and Sir *Joshua Reynolds* is said to have declared, that she had one of the finest faces, and the most beautiful

tiful hand and arm he had ever seen: she possessed an excellent heart; but, which is by no means incompatible with that qualification, she was occasionally subject to an animation of spirit, which some, perhaps, might denominate violent: but we were not born to be perfect.—A coach and four was ready to receive us; and she took an opportunity to tell me, before we were joined by Mr. *O'Hara*, as a great secret, which, by the bye, I had already heard from half the town, that they were upon the point of being privately married: and, indeed, I should rather have suspected, from their conduct, that they had already undergone the ceremony of the altar; for, before we had reached *Kensington*, these two good-tempered people were out of humour with each other; and,
from

from a little sparring at first, they proceeded, through the natural gradation of high words, to hard blows; till, at length, she fairly, or rather, I think, unfairly, drove him out of the coach: when, to cool his own resentment, and to give her passion time to cool also, he thought proper to walk as far as *Hammer-smith*. Her vengeance was a very good-humoured one; and, till he re-entered the carriage, she did nothing but laugh at his scratched face, and fatigued appearance.

Mr. *O'Hara*, exclusive of his elegant figure and personal accomplishments, was blessed with the most amiable disposition in the world; and the violence of Miss *Hudson's* temper, though it was daily exercising itself
upon

upon his patience, seemed to be designed, as it were, to give him opportunities of displaying the benevolence of his heart. On the present occasion he returned to us with the same good humour, and pleasant temper, as if nothing disagreeable had happened; and the rest of the day was passed, in mutual contentment and satisfaction.

C H A P. XXIV.

G. Brudenell makes me a Present of a Marmoset Monkey, the humourous Manner in which he is introduced—Receive a Visit of Condolence from Lord Bolingbroke on his Loss of Miss Jones—An Adventure in St. Paul's Church Yard, with Capt. Boscawen and Miss Harvey, who afterwards form an Acquaintance—Lord Bateman wishes for a Reconciliation, and solicits to be taken again into Favour—Another Ranelagh Scene.

ON my return to my own house, my servants informed me that a lady had been to call upon me, but would neither leave her name or her business. They told me also, that Mr. *Brudenell* had been to pay me a visit, accompanied by a young gentleman who was then below in the

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kitchen.

kitchen.—After remonstrating rather angrily with my people, for suffering him to remain there, I ordered them to ask him up stairs,—when I received for answer, that he would rather remain where he was.—Astonished at the taste of the gentleman, I was determined to see who this whimsical visitor was,—when, on my entering the kitchen, what should I behold but a small *Marmoset monkey* dressed in a boat-cloak and trowsers, and warming itself in all the possible comfort by the fire.—My surprize on the occasion,—the solemn gravity of the animal, and the arrangement made to my introduction to him, threw me into a fit of laughter, that did not find a speedy conclusion. As he was very tame and familiar, I liked my little gentleman

tleman extremely, and except that he was not quite so rich, he was as welcome as the person who brought him to me.

The next morning I received a visit from Lord *Bolingbroke*, who came, as usual, to make me the repository of his complaints, concerning the infidelities of Miss *Jones*, who had now left him, and was gone to live with Mr. *Charles Dillon*. Indeed, his Lordship seemed, at this time, determined to think no more of her,—and the affectionate manner in which he spoke of that charming woman, Lady *Bolingbroke*, made me imagine that he would seriously return to the happiness of domestic life. But our serious *tête à tête* was not destined to last; for who should
make

make his appearance, but the greatest enemy, I believe, that ever lived, to any thing of a serious complexion; and that was Mr. *George Brudenell*. After a civil compliment or two to Lord *Bolingbroke*, he began his rhodomontade enquiries concerning the young gentleman he had left for my amusement,—and finding that I had not introduced him to his Lordship, he pretended to express great anger, and insisted upon having the honour of doing it himself.—The monkey was accordingly brought into the room, and the moment he entered, my noble friend seemed to lose all his anxieties in the continued fits of laughter which successively burst from him.—“ This young gentleman,” said *Brudenell*, “ is very
“ ambitious of doing his country
“ service

“ service, by entering on board his
 “ Majesty’s fleet ; and as I know, my
 “ Lord, that Miss *Sheldon* has a very
 “ powerful interest in the navy, I
 “ have presented him to her, in or-
 “ der to obtain the preferment he
 “ so well deserves.” Lord *Boling-
 broke* still laughed, and I was fool
 enough to grow serious at the non-
 sense of the greater jackanapes of
 the two.—I told him, that I knew
 but one naval gentleman, who was
 a man of family and fortune ; and
 that if such a shatter-brained mon-
 key as himself should dare to cast
 any reflections upon his superiors in
 every thing, I would order my doors
 in future to be shut against him.---
 But his incorrigible impertinence
 was not to be checked by such a
 threat. “ All this might do very

“ well,” he said to me, “ for some
“ of the puppies who follow you,
“ but not for me—I am also a man
“ of family and fortune,—and I will
“ give you, Madam,” added he, “ a
“ proof that I understand all the
“ ease and etiquette of that charac-
“ ter.” So, ringing the bell, he or-
dered the servant to bring him a pair
of slippers, as it was his intention
to dine there that day with his ac-
complished naval friend—at the
same time he told me, that if I did
not like him or his company, I
might order a cloth to be laid for
me in another room.

After he was quite fatigued with
laughing Lord *Bolingbroke* took his
leave, and *Brudenell* ordered dinner
from *Storey's Gate Coffee-House*. At

this moment, Miss *Harvey* came to invite me to go with her into the city to eat turtle soup at *Horton's*, which I very gladly accepted, and left Mr. *Brudenell* and his monkey to dine together.—After having regaled ourselves with all the delicacies of *Horton's* shop, we resolved to be capricious and to walk home,—and as we were crossing the street by *St. Paul's Church Yard*, an old woman who was sweeping the way, splashed no small quantity of dirt upon my white satin petticoat. This circumstance drew some observations from a gentleman, who was immediately following us, which engaged us in a slight conversation with him—when Miss *Harvey*, after looking rather attentively at him, desired me to hold her under the arm, as she

believed she should faint—for that the man, who followed us, was the very figure she had seen in the glass of a conjuror in the *Old Bailey*.—I affected to laugh at the idea; though at that time, by no means superior to my friend in the contempt of such credulity, and was in some degree relieved from my own growing consternation, by the gentleman himself proposing a coach to us, on account of the splashy condition of the streets. We readily consented to his offer,—and after having called a coach, he handed us into it, and then occupied a seat in it himself.

The coachman was ordered to drive to Miss *Harvey's* lodging in *Compton-Street, Soho*; and when we arrived there she beckoned me into
a back

a back room, to request that I would not quit her apartment, while the gentleman staid there,—for that she was sure he was the devil, or some one concerned with him,—and repeated, in the most positive manner, that she had seen his face in the conjuror's glass at the *Old Bailey*, when she was there with me and Lord *Bateman*. I contended, however, for the flesh and blood of our beau; and he soon gave a proof of both, by refusing to quit the house till he had been favoured with some private conversation with my friend. Accordingly I withdrew---and this suspected devil proved to be no more than Captain *Boscarwen* of the guards and a nephew of Lord *Falmouth*. Poor Miss *Harvey*'s apprehensions of his diabolical nature were soon done

away,—and she returned to me with a magnificent watch and seals, which he had left with her, as a pledge that he would in the evening, repeat his visit.

As Miss *Harvey* expected the return of her new acquaintance, whom she would very naturally wish to receive alone, I took my leave of her with a design of going to *Ranelagh* with a female friend, who lived in *Cleveland-Row*. On my return home to dress, I found that Mr. *Brudenell* was gone, and had taken the monkey along with him.—But it was not my destiny, at that period of my life, to be long without a visitor; and I had scarce finished my toilette, when, after an absence of six weeks, the constant Lord *Bateman* appeared to
renew

renew his vows at my feet,—to declare that he could love none but me,—and to breathe forth the tenderest protestations of his undiminished passions.

On being informed of my intentions to visit *Ranelagh*, his Lordship proposed to take me and my friend with him in his carriage, which was immediately called to the door, and we proceeded to *Cleveland-Row*. In our way thither, he was very curious to know the history of the lady who was to accompany me, when I informed him that she was then protected by a Mr. *Burnell*, a very wealthy ship-builder at *Ratcliff-Cross*, whose family I knew extremely well, as my father had lived in that neighbourhood. A multiplicity of other ques-

tions he put to me respecting my acquaintance, which I could not answer; and he was still continuing to interrogate me relative to her beauty, accomplishments, &c. &c. &c.—when we arrived at her house,—and he soon enjoyed every opportunity he could wish of satisfying his laudable curiosity.

This amiable lady received us with all possible politeness; and after a profusion of compliments bestowed, first on her; and then on her house, he requested the favour of her to shew him the upper apartments of it. She did not hesitate to comply with his Lordship's desire, and they left me in the parlour to amuse myself alone, till their return. The reader may here suppose every thing, that would
give

give the lie to Lord *Bateman's* late protestations to me. He may imagine whatever is gross, indelicate, and insulting to a woman, and then apply it to his Lordship's conduct on the occasion. But my pride, which felt his insolence, raised me above the appearance of feeling it,---and in our way to *Ranelagh*, I affected all the easy cheerfulness which I could call to my aid.

On entering the *rotunda*, the first person I saw was Mr. *Walsingham*, who immediately wiping his face with his handkerchief, which was the accustomed signal of his wishing to speak to me, I took my leave of Lord *Bateman* with some cutting expressions of contempt; and joined, with no small satisfaction, my first,

and to say the truth, my best friend. After walking round the room two or three times, he took me into the garden, and began his usual lecture on my extravagance. He thought a smaller house and a lesser retinue of servants would become me better.--- He talked of the falsehood of friends, and the little dependence upon the generality of such as now hovered about me;---nay, he went so far, as to hint at the worst consequences of expensive life, and endeavoured to alarm me into prudence by the prospect of a gaol. But, however pleased I might be with his returning attentions, I was not either in a place or a humour to give his present remonstrances any thing like a patient hearing. I told him, that his money neither paid for my house or
my

my servants---that I foresaw none of the dangers to which he had so agreeably alluded, and that I would not be debarred from the enjoyment of that liberty which formed the happiness of my life. He continued, however, for some short time, to bore me with his sage counsels; but perceiving that was not the moment to offer them with effect, he returned back with me into the room, where we chatted with one acquaintance or another till it was time for me to take myself home.

C H A P. XXV.

Mr. Walsingham makes fresh Attempts to reason me into Oeconomy—Presents me with a beautiful Irish Poplin, intended for the Duchess of Portland—Receive Visits from Sir Cecil Bishop, Mr. Faucet, and Capt. Sweedland; the latter Gentleman seriously offers me his Hand to lead me to the Altar—A most whimsical Anecdote of a Gentleman Dish-washer—Mrs. Walsingham introduces herself to me as a Milliner.

THE next day Mr. *Walsingham* called upon me and brought me a present of silk stockings and a beautiful piece of garter blue Irish poplin, which he had originally procured as a present for the Duchess of *Portland*. His accustomed strain of prudential œconomic eloquence still flowed from his lips; indeed, if
my

my good friend had been equally well informed in political, as he was in domestic regulations, he would have ranked among the first parliamentary orators of his day : but I was incorrigible, and did not listen to the voice of my charmer, though he charmed so wisely ; nay, I continued to insist on the prerogative of spending the money I got in any manner my fancy or my caprice might suggest, and boldly laughed at the idea of obligation to any one, who made me casual presents, for the enjoyment of casual favours. To this observation he replied by assuring me, in the most solemn manner, that he very shortly expected some very considerable additions to his fortune, and that he would then make an ample settlement on me : in the mean time,
he

he intreated me to shut my door against all my former visitants, and reserve myself entirely for him. I, in a great degree, complied with his request; and he now accompanied his daily visits with all the means of support which I could possibly want; and many an effort of generosity which, I am now ashamed to say, I did not then entirely deserve.

But, though I really denied myself to many of my acquaintance, my door could not be shut against them all: and one day, when Sir *Cecil Bishop*, Captain *Swweedland*, and Mr. *Faucet*, insisted upon dining with me, a scene was acted in my house which, strange, capricious, and eccentric as human nature is sometimes known

to

to be, I am almost afraid to propose to the belief of my readers.

Some time in the forenoon, my mantua-maker had paid me a visit, to ask my assistance in forwarding the whimsical fancy of a gentleman, who had applied to her for that purpose, and who would reward her very amply for the indulgence of it. As she had apprentices in her house, who could not be trusted with the secret, she begged my permission to let this singular man be allowed to come and gratify his strange propensities under my roof: these propensities, she said, were nothing more than to wash dishes; and if I would permit him to come and assist my cook in washing mine, she assured me that it would prove a very high gratification to him,
and

and produce no small advantage to herself. The singularity of the business, and the expectation of no small merriment on the occasion, obtained my ready consent; and she departed to prepare the hero of the piece for his kitchen amusement.

A short time before dinner, his conductress brought him to my house, and he was introduced to me with all becoming ceremony. He was a person of very gentleman-like behaviour, but had rather the appearance of a quaker. We conversed, for about a quarter of an hour, on the common topics of the day, when I went up into the drawing-room to receive my company, and he descended into the kitchen to perform his operations. In a short time, however, the cook ran
up

up stairs, and was scarce able, for laughter, to desire I would take a peep into the kitchen, and see what was going forward there: accordingly, I went as gently down stairs as my feet could tread; and, looking over the kitchen-door, I saw the good man, disrobed of his clothes and wig, and dressed in a mob cap, a tattered bed-gown, and an old petticoat belonging to the cook, as busy in washing the dishes, as if this employment had been the source of his daily bread,—but this was not all; for, while he was thus occupied, the *mantua-maker* on one side, and the *cook* on the other, were belabouring him with dish-clouts; he continuing to make a thousand excuses for his awkwardness, and promising to do the business better on a future occasion.

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In the mean time my company arrived; and on my appearance to receive them, in spite of all my endeavours to collect myself into some kind of gravity, I burst into such an immoderate fit of laughter, that their curiosity on the occasion would hear of no excuse, and I was obliged to tell them the cause of it. At first they thought I was laughing at them; but, when they had also taken a peep at the scene which was acting below, they returned up stairs to indulge an equal violence of mirth, and to join their expressions of astonishment to mine.

My *dish-washer*, however, proposed an after-piece to the farce; for, when he had compleated his drudgery, and had been sufficiently beaten, he desired

fired the two females to skewer him up tight in a blanket, and roll him backwards and forwards upon the carpet, in the parlour, 'till he was lulled to sleep. The first part of this ceremony was immediately performed; and he was swaddled in such an effectual manner, as to be totally unable to move either hand or foot: in short, nothing human appeared but his head, which just peeped from out the blanket. An account of his particular situation was soon transmitted to the drawing-room, when my good friends immediately ran down stairs to the parlour, where the mantua-maker and the cook were rolling him about the room, as he had desired:—but he was not long permitted to enjoy this luxurious exercise; for the gentlemen seizing him
at

at once, without any ceremony, bundled him into the street; and as it happened to be a public day at the French Ambassâdor's, who lived on the opposite side of the street, a very considerable crowd was soon collected about him. Confined as he was in the blanket, he continued for some time to dance about like a man in a sack, to the no small amusement of the crowd—when, at length, getting loose from his bandage, he ran off as fast as he could go, with the mob at his heels; and, in the very same drefs in which he had been washing the dishes, he took refuge in *Storey's Gate* Coffee-house, where he remained 'till I could prevail on my unlucky visitors to suffer his clothes to be restored to him: after this I heard of my *dish-washer* no more. All I shall say

say upon this singular transaction is, that I have not deviated from truth in the description, and that it is a literal fact. I shall not add an observation, or hazard a conjecture upon the business, but leave both the one and the other to those who are better read in the eccentricities of human nature than myself.

My company took their leave of me early in the evening, infinitely delighted at, but scarcely believing what they had seen. One of these gentlemen, Captain *Sweedland*, had long been one of my most constant admirers, and had even offered to prove the extent of his affection for me, by leading me to the altar. He was a young man of good fortune, and lived at *Morden*, in *Surrey*; and, if I had
accepted

accepted his hand, I should probably have been in a situation very different from that, whose necessities oblige me to present this work to the world. —But Mr. *Walsingham* talked me into a belief, that as Mr. *Sweedland* was a young man, he ought not to be trusted; and as he was fond of race-horses, that he must inevitably be on the brink of ruin. Thus, by this kind of argument, accompanied with promises of settlement, and the great things he would do for me, I was persuaded by Mr. *Walsingham*, not only to refuse Captain *Sweedland*'s hand, but to mortify him, which he certainly did not deserve from me, by denying, to his request, the social privileges of a common acquaintance.

I now

I now gave myself up entirely to Mr. *Walsingham's* directions; made him the sole object of my attention, and received no visitor of his sex but himself. This continued for some time, and I had no reason to be discontented with my situation: but the current of my life has never been allowed to flow, for any length of time in one channel; and it was now about to take a new and very unexpected course.

One unsuspecting morning a gentlewoman called upon me from Mrs. *Danbrook*, the milliner, in *Duke-street*, *St. James's*, with a suit of linen for me to look at: as I wanted something of the kind, I ordered her to leave it, and desire Mrs. *Danbrook* to add it to my account. In the course of this
 little

little transaction, the good woman passed many fine compliments on my person, the elegance of my furniture, &c. &c. and even went so far as to suppose, that, from the exterior appearance of every thing about me, I must be protected by some person of the first rank and fortune: on my part, I innocently gave her the history of my immediate situation, and told her, that I was indebted to the Hon. *Boyle Walsingham* for all the elegance with which I was surrounded, and every comfort which I possessed. She then offered me the homage of some additional compliments, and took her leave.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXVI.

My Connection with Capt. Walsingham discovered by Mrs. W——, who proves to be the pretended Milliner—Am drawn into a Marriage with Mr. Archer, in Consequence thereof, by the Persuasion of Mr. Walsingham, aided by the Eloquence of the Duke of Bolton, to serve the Purpose of the former Gentleman—Description of the Wedding-Day—Some few Scenes that followed—Am cruelly disappointed in my Husband, and contrive to get rid of him—The Difficulty that attends it.

THE same morning, and about two hours after the flattering milliner had left me, I received a visit from Mr. *Walsingham*, accompanied by the Duke of *Bolton*. The former appeared to be under the impressions of a very deep melancholy; and,

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when I enquired into the cause of it, he answered me by a look of confusion which I had never before seen on his countenance. After moping for some time he asked me, what visitors had been with me that morning?—when I unsuspectingly told him, that the only person I had seen, before his and the noble Duke's arrival, was a woman from my milliner, who had brought me a suit of linen, which I held up for his inspection; when he sighed as if his heart would burst; and, to my infinite astonishment, exclaimed, “ *That woman is my wife,* “ —and I am a ruined man.—In “ short,” said he, “ my dearest girl, “ there are now but two things left “ for you to do—either to marry, or “ quit the kingdom, as I have bound “ myself to my wife, in the most

“solemn manner, to see you do one
 “or the other—and then, never to
 “see you any more. If,” continued
 he, “you do not chuse to marry, I
 “will place you, as a boarder, in a
 “Convent, at some town in the
 “nearest part of France, and pay
 “you a visit three or four times a
 “year.” But these propositions were
 neither of them in unison with the
 temper of my mind, and the habits
 of my life; and I answered, rather
 in a tone of reproach, that I would
 as soon go to my grave, as to a nun-
 nery: and as for marriage, I told
 him, in pretty expressive terms, that,
 as he had once prevented me from
 marrying a man of fortune, and with
 whom I could have been happy, he
 was the last person in the world who

should now even hint at my becoming a votary to Hymen.

But the conversation did not end here; for the Duke of *Bolton* supported the argument of his friend; and in a strain of eloquence, well worthy of his Grace, tortured his faculties, in endeavouring to persuade me, that Mr. *Walsingham's* intentions towards me were dictated by a principle of honour, and the ardour of affection: indeed, the noble Duke said so much in favour of monastic life, that I could scarce believe he had ever tasted the sweets of a connubial state; and he then veered about to such a strain of eulogium on Hymeneal comforts, that I should have supposed he would have been glad, with one broadside, to have destroyed every

con-

convent in christendom: in short, such was the powerful confusion and contradictory effusion of his noble rhetoric, that the pigmy grasp of my comprehension could not embrace his arguments; and I remained, at the conclusion of them, in a kind of stupid, but unacquiescing silence. Mr. *Walsingham* now expressed his hopes, that two days would be sufficient for every purpose of reflection on the subject; and added, that, at the expiration of that time, he would call upon me, to know my final determination. My good friend the Captain, and his noble advocate the Duke, then took their leave, and left me to my meditations.

But meditation, at least in the solitary exercise of it, was not my *forte*;

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and

and I employed the greatest part of the eight and forty hours interval, which was allowed me, in consulting my friends upon the interesting subject of these curious propositions. Some laughed at me—and well they might—while some looked grave, and gave me very serious councils; but neither the jeers of the jocosé, or the solemnity of serious advisers, had brought me to any resolution; and Mr. *Walsingham* found me as indecisive, as when he last saw me. However after some conversation on the business, I told him—that as for quitting my country, it was not to be thought of; and that of the two evils he had submitted to my choice, marriage was the least offensive to me.—“ Well then,” answered he, “ if
“ that is the case, I will immediately
“ pre-

“ present a young man to you, who
 “ is a midshipman on board my ship.
 “ He is,” continued Mr. *Walsingham*,
 “ the son of a Mr. *Archer*, an eminent
 “ brewer in *Dublin*; and, if he marries
 “ you, I will get him made a Lieute-
 “ nant in a very short time, and then
 “ I will never rest ’till he is promoted
 “ to the rank of Post-captain: so
 “ that, in case any thing should
 “ happen to him, there will be some-
 “ thing of a provision for you. Be-
 “ sides,” continued my provident
 friend, “ I will take care to keep the
 “ naval *Benedict* out at sea; so that
 “ he shall not intrude upon your do-
 “ mestic concerns, nor interrupt my
 “ possessing a share in them.”

I could not but smile at the method
 my noble Captain adopted, to save

his honour, and deceive his lady: indeed, he was so charmed with his project, that he was all impatience to see it put in execution. But I was myself by no means determined in what manner to act; and in this state of hesitation, I paid a visit to Mrs. *O'Brien*, who was married to the Captain of a trading vessel, and lived in the neighbourhood of my father's house, to consult with her on the course, which it became me to pursue.

When I had stated my situation, and explained the nature of the propositions which had been made to me, she recommended marriage to me in the strongest terms; and, among other reasons in favour of my going to the altar, she suggested the expected

pected arrival of my father; and the prudence, as well as duty, of taking such a step as might secure his good opinion of me. In consequence of this friendly advice of Mrs. *Obrien*, I returned home with less heaviness of heart, than I had known for some days; but by no means in that state of pleasant levity to which my spirits had been accustomed. The day following, Mr. *Archer* presented himself to me; and, as he was handsome, I began to think that I could be happy with him. Every thing, therefore, was settled for the marriage, but my wayward truant self; for, though the baked meats were prepared for the marriage-feast, and I was dressed out in all the lily-white semblance of virgin innocence, at the very threshold of *St. Clement's Church*, where the ce-

remony was to be performed, I was on the point of quitting the nuptial company, and returning home, an unfancified and independent woman : but my fate drew me on, and I became a wife. The wedding day was passed in mirth and festivity, which, however, lasted not through the evening ; for, on my proposing to pass a part of it from home, my imperious husband forbade the idea, and talked of his rights as my lord and master ; but, to let him discover the opinion which I entertained of them, I quietly left the house, and went to *Thornton's Bagnio*, under the *Piazzas* in *Covent-Garden*. Mrs. *Thornton* blamed me extremely for what I had done, but not more than I blamed myself. At that place I passed the night, with several of my female acquaintance ;
some

some of whom I took home with me, the next day, to shew them my husband, who received us all with a degree of civility that I had no great right to expect. Here we all passed a day of jollity, that ended in a scene of intoxication, of which I shall not give a description, that can serve no other purpose, but to disgust the reader, and to make him despise, instead of pitying me.

Of my marriage I most sincerely repented; and so much was my husband an object of disgust, that I generally slept with the maid. My former acquaintance heard nothing but complaints from me; and in one of my letters to Captain *Madan*, of the Guards, who was then on duty

at *Windsor*, I declared my resolution of putting an immediate end to my existence. Mr. *Walsingham*, who then happened to be at his apartments in the Castle, being shewn the letter, was so alarmed at the menaces it contained, that he sent immediately to town to Sir *William Meredith*, who came directly to me, and, with the most formal ceremony, entered upon a dissuasive oration to prevent my executing the fatal purpose I had threatened. The next day I met Mr. *Walsingham*, by appointment, at this amiable and convenient Baronet's house, where I slept with him. Here I complained of my situation in such terms, that an arrangement was proposed for getting rid of Mr. *Archer*, who was to be appointed to some post, under
Sir

Sir *William Young*, at *New-York*; for which place my dearly-beloved spouse, in a very short time, took his departure.

But, to my sorrow and my punishment, I was not destined long to enjoy such an agreeable separation; for, in about six weeks, *Benedict* returned again, to interfere with every pleasure and comfort of my life. His ideas of lord and master seemed to have increased during his absence; for he not only took possession of my house, but introduced an attorney's wife to occupy my place there, and invited his myrmidon companions, to assist in diminishing the luxurious contents of my cellar. Under these circumstances, I retreated to the house of
my

my friend Miss *Ratcliffe*, a near relation of the *Derwentwater* family, who lived in *Queen-street, Westminster*, and where I remained for some time meditating, and, as occasion served, executing schemes of revenge, which, in the detail, would only tend to produce sentiments, that could afford no satisfaction, but to corrupted and degenerate minds. In short, after having threatened the life of my husband with a red-hot poker, and knocked the attorney's wife from her chair with a quart-bottle—after having, at the same moment, contrived to give the most *provocative* medicines to him, and the most *stupifying* drugs to her—after having played off every engine of malice against them both, I got him conveyed to a Spunging-house; and
then

then liberated him from that durance vile, upon the condition, which he gladly accepted, of his immediately quitting the kingdom, and engaging never to trouble me any more.

CHAP. XXVII.

Renew my Acquaintance with Capt. Sweedland—Takes me to Sir Cecil Bishop's, on a visit—Grow jealous of his Attentions to a Miller's Daughter—Leave Sir Cecil's sooner than was intended on the Account—From Words proceed to open Violence; and thresh my Captain severely with a Cray-fish, in the Chaise, in our Way Home—A Reconciliation afterwards takes place—Detect him in an Amour with another Lady, and a second Encounter ensues, with his Dismission—Form a Connexion with Sir Wm. Bowyer, who is soon supplanted by Captain Brown, Baron Dieder, &c.

A FEW days after the departure of my good lord and husband, who should call upon me, but my former friend Captain *Sweedland*, to renew all his former attentions to me, and to propose the doing me every service in his power. He was not, just then,
in

in a situation to pay all my debts; but he contributed in such a manner towards that desirable business, as to secure me from the least apprehension on that account: he also made very handsome pecuniary presents, and assisted me in redeeming a quantity of elegant wearing apparel, which some late necessities had obliged me to employ in raising a temporary supply.

At this time we made a party with Sir *Cecil Bishop*, to stay a few days at *Farnham*, in *Surrey*, where I should have passed my time agreeably enough, in fishing, riding, &c. if I had not perceived, or, at least, thought I perceived, that my good Captain paid more attention to a *millers daughter*, than was pleasing to my pride: I, therefore, determined to return immediately

mediately to town; and, having some words with Mr. *Sweedland* in the chaise, I seized a large *cray-fish*, which he had purchased, and beat him about the face with it in such a manner, that, when he arrived in town, he was almost deprived of his sight: but I was not in a humour to pity, or to nurse him; and, therefore, leaving him, without ceremony, to take care of himself, I made the best of my way to *Vauxhall*, and stayed there 'till three o'clock in the morning, forgetful of the events of the preceding day. On my return home, I found my poor disfigured hero in possession of my bed, and professing the warmest dispositions to forget and forgive: indeed, he confirmed his declarations, in the course of that day, by a very agreeable draft upon an eminent banker

ker in the vicinity of *Temple-Bar*. But, while I flattered myself, from the patient forbearance and submissive demeanour of this gentleman, that I was mistress of his affections, he was a traitor to me; and I discovered, by mere accident, that he was occasionally vowing the same ardent passion to another, of which he had made me consider myself as the sole object; and that, by some means or other, several very handsome trinkets, which he had presented to me, had found their way from my casket to her toilette.

Enraged at this information, I paid a very unceremonious visit, indeed, to his secret *Dulcinea*—made a pretty animated disturbance in her apartment, and, possessing myself of my purloined property, I returned home,
proud

proud of my spoils: and the hero of the piece, happening to arrive at the same moment, received as compleat a dressing from me, as ever man experienced from the chastisement of a civilized woman—but, to do him justice, neither the affronts of my tongue, or the violence of my hands, could awaken any thing like resentment in his tender breast: indeed, all this rough music, and manual correction, seemed rather to give new animation to his passion for me; and every proposal, short of marriage, was daily made to me by this enamoured and inconsistent man. But my awakened jealousy would never slumber; and, by employing its most active vigilance, I discovered, that he continued his visits to the lady, whom I have already mentioned. My re-
venge

venge was now aroused, and I was determined it should be satisfied; and, while I was meditating on the *means* of satisfaction, the visit of a Gentleman, who is a near relation to the Marquis of *Stafford*, afforded them in the most convenient manner.

The difficulty of the business lay in getting admittance to the lady, who would certainly order her doors to be shut against one who had lately made so riotous an use of her admittance within them. My visitor, however, suggested the disguise of a male habit, and offered me the clothes he then wore to effect my purpose: accordingly, without hesitation, he stripped to his drawers; and, covering himself with one of my dressing wrappers, he left me to invest myself with
his

his drapery. No sooner was I equipped, than I proceeded, *en cavalier*, to the lady's door, where, I believe, a male figure, of any appearance, was seldom mortified with a refusal. Such a mortification, at least, I did not receive; but was ushered, with all becoming ceremony, into her drawing-room, where, laying aside ceremony of every kind, I soon made a discovery of myself, and accompanied it with a discourse, which I shall nor attempt to recollect. Having thus fatigued my lungs, terrified the woman, and, in some degree, satisfied my vengeance, I seized a sword that I saw hanging against the wall, and which I knew to be the property of Captain *Sweedland*; and, placing it under my arm, returned home, with no small triumph, to my impatient friend. In
the

the afternoon I restored the weapon to its master, and dismissed him from my service.

I was now again, as I had frequently been before, upon the wide world; but calling in the evening upon a Miss *Kennedy*, to have a little gossiping conversation, she persuaded me to accompany her to the play, where a new lover, in the form of a Sir *William Bowyer*, presented himself to me. He accompanied me home to supper, and appeared to be very deeply enamoured of me. The next day he repeated his visit—brought me some books for my amusement, and proposed to allow me three hundred pounds a year, and pay all my household expences. This offer I did not hesitate to accept, and the connection

con-

continued for some time; but one unlucky evening, Captain *Brown*, who had accidentally called to see me, prevailed upon me, with the bribe of a watch, which had just cost sixty guineas, and a purse, which contained as many more, to yield him the possession of my house 'till the next morning. Now, as ill luck would have it, Sir *William Bowyer*, presented himself at the door about midnight; and, as the bell had been muffled by my order, he could not make any one hear, and was, of course, disappointed of admittance. This circumstance I could have easily parried; but Captain *Brown*, not, I think, much to his honour, made a purposed visit, to inform the Baronet of the *real* reason of his disappointment, which produced a coolness,

on

on his part, that soon ended in his leaving me to other friendships and protections; which, I may truly say, at that period of my life, I seldom wanted for four and twenty hours.

However, it was time for me to look about for new resources; and, for that purpose, Madame *Sinclair* introduced me to a Mrs. *Pike*, in *Swallow-street, Piccadilly*—she was an elderly person, and followed the trade of making silk bags for the hair, which gave her an opportunity of being acquainted with many persons of fortune and distinction. In a very few days she presented me to an elderly, crippled gentleman, who, to prevent his being known, passed in Mrs. *Pike's* house by the name of *Old Sir*; but I soon traced out the *Old Sir*

to be a Mr. *Jordan*, who had made a very large fortune in the *East-Indies*. However, I had no reason to complain of his age; for, though he was old, his guineas were young; and I had never less than twenty-five of them every week, during the time I used to meet him at Mrs. *Pike's* house. *Old Sir*, in short, was generous, and very easily satisfied; for the song of *Sweet Willy O*, and making him hobble a little about the room in the figure of a minuet, was all he desired.

But I was destined to be the slave of variety; and a young amiable foreigner appeared as a rival to *Old Sir*. This was no less a person than Baron *Dieden*, the Danish Minister, who, in one of his visits to Mrs. *Pike*, hear-
ing

ing me singing to *Old Sir*, introduced some enquiries concerning me—when the old lady informed her visitor, that I was a very fine girl, but so wild and giddy, that she could not make head or tail of me: however, the good woman made something of me afterwards; for she contrived to pluck me so completely, as to leave me with but two odd shoes, of different colours, to my feet—the particulars of which little episode will be given hereafter.

But to return to the Baron:—I was soon introduced to his Excellency, and found him possessed of very different qualities from those of *Old Sir*, who was now discarded by me, without even the common forms of an adieu. A more intimate connection

now took place between Monsieur *Dieden* and myself; and I was supported by him in a stile of no common elegance and comfort. His attentions to me were constant, and accompanied with all that politeness, which distinguishes the man of sensibility, and noble birth. He was assiduous in his visits, and joined me at all public places, to the no small confusion and disappointment of Mr. *Walsingham*, who used to look—and sigh—and look again. One evening, however, when I was with the Baron, at *Vauxhall*, the noble Captain took an opportunity to tell me, that he would send me home with a flea in my ear—to which obliging menace I made no answer. He then asked me, if I would open my door to him, in case he should call upon me?—when I answered, that as the

sea and the gallows refused nothing, I certainly should not refuse him. This, and some other similar replies, brought on a kind of altercation, from which the Baron relieved us both, by taking me to a box in the most retired part of the gardens, where several of his friends were ready to receive us. Here we passed a very jovial night, in all the luxury of good cheer, and pleasant society. After supper, when the Champagne began to operate, we began to play tricks with each other—a number of lively familiarities succeeded—toasts followed of every colour and sentiments of very description, till at length my stomach proved unfaithful to its duty, and made a most ungracious return to one of the lords of the banquet, by giving him back my share

of it, in a form and with an odour that was by no means grateful to his delicate sensations.—I remained very sick and very sad for sometime, to the no small amusement of my riotous friends ; but though my intoxication was relieved by this accident, I did not recover for many days, from the effects of this agreeable debauch.

C H A P. XXVIII.

Accidentally meet Mr. Walsingham, who informs me of a new Connection he had formed with a Miss Thompson, whom he had placed in an elegant House—Plan various Schemes of Revenge on Miss Thompson—Carry two of them into Execution, with the Assistance of Baron Dieden—Am prevented pursuing my Plans by the Return of my Father, which produces a new and interesting Scene.

TWO or three days after this party to Vauxhall, as I was going to pay a visit to a lady at Lambeth, I saw Mr. Walsingham in Parliament-street, when, ordering the coach to stop, I desired him to get into it, which he did without hesitation, but declared, at the same time, that he

I 4 could

could not stay five minutes. I then told him, that I should return home; and, on his appearing to make an objection, I frightened him into a compliance by vowing, in the most solemn manner, that, if he made the least opposition, I would put my head out of the coach window, and alarm the street with the cry of murder.

My gentleman, I must acknowledge, was perfectly civil, but cool and reserved to a very mortifying degree, which I naturally imputed to my connection with Baron *Dieden*—but it was no such thing—for when we reached home he told me, that, though he loved me better than he had ever loved any woman, as he had given his most sacred word to his wife never to see me more, if
he

he could possibly avoid it, he had formed a domestic connection with another woman, who was very handsome, and as frugal as I was extravagant. Her name, he said, was *Betsy Thompson*—that he had taken her from Mrs. Collins, in *King's-Place*, and established her in a very elegant house in *South-Molton-street*. In short, he added, that, to fulfil his promise to his wife concerning me, which could only be done by weaning his affections from me, he had entered into this connection; though it had almost broke his heart to quit me, the real object of it.—I told him, in return, that as he had an amiable wife at home, and a son and daughter, whom he pretended to doat on, they ought to wean him from me, and every other woman; and that,

as for breaking his heart, I had no suspicion of such an event; but I most devoutly wished, that the *Devil* might break Miss *Thompson's* neck, and his into the bargain.

In this state of passion, to which I had worked myself, I flew out of the house, and pursued my way to *Lambeth*, where I gave vent to the agitation of my mind, and eased myself, in some degree, by tears, which Mr. *Walsingham* did not see, and by declarations of vengeance, which he could not hear. On my return, I found that he had remained about five minutes after I was gone, and had left word, that he should call upon me in his way from the House of Commons—but public affairs, I suppose, occupied his mind too much for

for him to think, at least for that time, on me.

But I had my consolation—for Baron *Dieden*, who still continued his attentions to me, introduced a foreign Prince to my acquaintance, whose figure and rank determined me to employ every art to enslave him ; and, by being frequently in his company, and exerting all the wit and vivacity I then possessed in order to please him, I succeeded in my object—not a little proud to have a person of his high distinction, great fortune, and agreeable manners, in my train. From his partiality I soon received presents of very considerable value: a gold watch set with diamonds, and an elegant pair of bracelets, enriched with the same costly ornaments, were

amongst the number of them. But all this did not satisfy me; and, though I had been on a party to *Windsor* with the Prince, where I had mortified the very soul of *Walsingham*, still my vengeance was not satisfied, and I determined to pursue the impulse of it.

For this purpose I contrived to discover, and, of course, to employ, Miss *Thompson's* hair-dresser, who soon let me into the secret history of that lady; and, among other things, that she at that time wanted a servant, as indeed she did every fortnight, from the termagant, impertinent behaviour of the woman who was her house-keeper.

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The reader, who, I am to presume, is already pretty well acquainted with me, will not be surpris'd at my seizing this occasion of executing my revenge; and, accordingly, after consulting my friend Miss *Ratcliffe*, I was determin'd to begin the siege. Some clothes of my maid servant produced the characteristic disguise; and I was on the moment of sallying forth on this adventure, when a visit from Baron *Dieden* occasioned a trifling interruption. Surprised, as he was, at the singularity of my appearance, there was no getting off from him, but by informing him of the singularity of my design. After laughing for some time about it, he offer'd to give me his assistance; and the general plan was arranged as follows—the Baron was to set me down at some small distance from Miss

Thompson's

Thompson's house, and wait there 'till my return, while Miss *Winckels*, the mantua-maker, whom I had now sent for, to be a partizan in the business, was to wait near the door to call for assistance, in case I should meet with an uncivil reception, or bring on any unpleasant treatment. All things being thus arranged, the Baron took me in his coach to the place appointed; and I soon got admittance into Miss *Thompson's* kitchen, where I was desired to wait 'till the lady was ready to see me.

Here I found the maid, who was about to quit the place; and from her I learned, that Mr. *Walsingham* was, by no means, the only person who was well and kindly received in that house: nay, she told me, that
a Mr.

a Mr. *Digby*, a clergyman, who always preached at St. *James's Church* once a month, was then with her. All this was delight itself to me; but, while I was eagerly listening to the continuance of this pretty history, the housekeeper summoned me up stairs: and I found the lady seated, in all the form of superior distinction, to question me concerning my life, character, and qualifications—accordingly she asked me, naturally enough, where I lived last?—but, instead of directly answering the question, I begged to know if she was mistress of the house, and if her name was *Thompson*?—On her replying, which she did very readily, in the affirmative, I pulled off my gloves to give her a little suspicion, by the sight of my bracelets, that I was not what I appeared

appeared to be; and, placing myself in the most hostile attitude I could conceive, I told her who I was, where I lived, and what was the object of my visit; and that I was determined to rout her and her housekeeper out of an house, where I had a better right than herself. If their amazement began to discover itself at this unexpected address, what may be supposed to have been their consternation, when blows succeeded; and Miss *Thompson* received as severe a threshing from me, as one woman ever received from another—indeed, I had seized the poker, with a view to clear the house of both of them, when the cry of “Murder,” which they had most loudly vociferated, drew Parson *Digby* from his retirement, in order, as a minister

minister of peace, to put an end to this scene of warfare.

In the mean time, the noise in the house had assembled a considerable number of people round the door of it—where Miss *Winckels* informed them, that the disturbance arose from a lady, whose coach stood below, who had discovered the haunts of her husband, and was come to fetch him from the *Jezebel* who had seduced him. This turn satisfied the little mob, who, as matters grew quiet, began to disperse. But I was by no means disposed to quit the field, though the enemy had flown; and it was with difficulty, and not before Mr. *Digby* had promised, in the most solemn manner, that Miss *Thompson* should never again receive Mr. *Walsingham*,
that

that I consented to depart. Being somewhat pacified by this Reverend Gentleman's attentions, I sent for the coach to draw up to the door; and, accompanied by the Baron *Dieden* and my faithful mantua-maker, I returned home, with no little consequence at the triumph I had obtained.

In a few days I received the following letter from Mr. *Walsingham*:

“ I am no stranger to your
“ behaviour at Miss *Thompson's*, in
“ *South-Molton-street*; and think it
“ very imprudent indeed, both on
“ your account and my own, and
“ particularly most unbecoming a
“ woman in your situation—I, there-
“ fore desire to hear no more of such
“ proceed-

“ proceedings, if you wish to preserve
“ the least share in the friendship of,

“ Your’s, &c.

“ B. W.”

Whatever wants I have known in this world, and they have been many and various, I never found myself at a loss for an answer; and I sent the following, without delay, to my remonstrating Captain:

“ Sir,

“ I am much vexed in my
“ mind at your treatment of me:
“ after so many vows you made of
“ eternal regard for me—after so
“ many protestations of affection, the
“ most

“ most sincere that ever warmed an
“ human bosom—after having been
“ my seducer, and preventing me,
“ by your persuasions, from an ad-
“ vantageous marriage—and then
“ bringing about, by your own arts,
“ and for your own purposes, a mar-
“ riage, in every respect injurious to
“ me—I say, after this conduct of
“ yours, it did not become you to
“ attach yourself to any other wo-
“ man, in the manner you have done
“ to Miss *Thompson*; and, above all
“ things, to think of providing for
“ her, before you had secured a pro-
“ vision for me.

“ At all events, I desire to see
“ you; and, if you do not grant my
“ request very shortly, I shall return

“ Mrs.

" Mrs. W——'s visit in *Portugal-*
" *street.*

" Yours, &c.

" A. A."

After I had sent this letter, my mind acquired a momentary relief—but still I was not at ease; and it was, I believe, fortunate for me, that a new object, of a very unexpected nature, solicited my attention, and turned the tide of my sensibility.

At this moment I received a visit from Capt. *Obrien* and Capt. *Moore*, two of my father's most intimate friends, who came to tell me, that my father was arrived in *England*, and had been with them to examine the register of *St. Clement's Church*
re-

respecting my marriage; and, finding every thing was as he could wish, they gave me the satisfaction of expecting an immediate visit from him—indeed, while we were talking, he made his appearance; and, when he took me in his arms, I felt the superior pleasure of a parental embrace, interrupted as it was by a consciousness that I did not deserve it.

The good man was very inquisitive as to my situation, and the absence of my husband; to which I had very ready and plausible answers, that lulled his suspicions asleep. On the morrow, he brought several of his friends to dine with me; and the day passed away, to the mutual satisfaction of all the party.

The

The next day, I had the honour of a visit from Mr. *Walsingham*, which produced a conversation of soothing and reproaches—insulting retorts and tender declarations—friendly councils and angry menaces. In short, a jealousy of Miss *Thompson* was the only trouble which occupied my bosom, with respect to him; and, as he promised never to see her more, I was contented with him, though I was, by no means, contented with myself, or my situation: indeed, the latter began to grow very critical; and an accident of the following day brought on the crisis I had for some time apprehended.

C H A P. XXIX.

Am in fresh Difficulties; a Bailiff's Myrmidon having an Advantage of me, by introducing himself elegantly dressed in a Chair—Taken again to a Spunging-House—Meet with fresh Adventures there—Released by Sir Clement Trafford—Another Masquerade Scene.

ON my return home from a walk in the Park, I was informed, that a gentleman had called, who, on not finding me at home, had left word, that he would wait upon me in the evening: accordingly, at the time appointed, the gentleman came in a chair,

chair, very elegantly dressed, and was introduced to me. I never recollected to have seen him before; but, imagining that he was some new conquest, I exerted all my power of pleasing, to extract some advantage from it—but, instead of being a votary to *Cupid*, he acknowledged himself to be a myrmidon of the law; and, instead of a bill of the Bank of *England*, he presented me with a warrant from the court of *King's-Bench*. The man, however, whose name was *Taylor*, and had formerly been a mercer, behaved himself with all the decorum consistent with his office, and conducted me to an house in *Charles-street*, which was in my immediate neighbourhood: here the usual proposals of assigning over the furniture of my house, &c. which

was worth several hundred pounds, for the payment of a debt that only amounted to seventy, were made me; but, though I had money sufficient in my pocket to discharge this demand, I suggested that there might be many others against me; and, therefore, having suffered the disgrace of an arrest, I was determined to remain where I was, 'till I had tried my friends, and made what advantage the situation I was in would admit of towards settling my affairs.

While I was in this state of expectation, I did not lose my spirits, nor, I trust, that commiseration for others, which I have often felt when I had none for myself; and it was now exerted towards an unfortunate *Kentish Farmer*, who was in the house with me :

me: I not only paid the poor man's debt, but ordered him and his wife to remain at my house, 'till the settlement of my affairs might enable me to do something more for them.

The Prince was out of town, and therefore no immediate relief could be expected from that quarter; but Sir *Clement Trafford* calling in *Delahay-street*, and hearing of my situation, came to my instant relief. He immediately paid the debt for which I had been at first confined; but detainers were every moment pouring in: so that, at length, the officer was in possession of nineteen writs against me, amounting to upwards of four hundred pounds: the whole of which, however, Sir *Clement* immediately discharged, on my engaging

to live entirely and solely with him. He appointed to meet me, at my own house, that afternoon, to make arrangements concerning our future connection, and took his leave.

I was now once more a free woman; but, just as I was going to avail myself of my freedom, by quitting the house of bondage, a very respectable, wealthy, and gallant *coal-merchant* in the city called to offer me his services; and, while we were chatting together, another detainer arrived, for six and thirty pounds, which the honest crimp immediately paid; and, ordering a coach to be called, lodged me in the security of my own house.

Sir

Sir *Clement Trafford* was true to his appointment, and I renewed my engagement to reserve myself entirely for him. He was not ungenerous in his returns. A very weighty present accompanied his first visit; and I hope, from a better motive than ostentation, or under a better influence than that of a capricious generosity, I employed a part of it to make the poor *Kentish Farmer* and his wife happy, by sending them home with the means of renewing their former little business, with every prospect of success.

After the anxious and troublesome variety of the last eight or ten days, I began to look for a little change in my amusements; and a Masquerade offered a scene to my wishes.

Another lady and myself went thither in the characters of Quakers; and we had not been long there, when Mr. *George Basil*, who appeared as a Patagonian Infant, informed me, that Mr. *Walsingham* was there, in his favourite appearance of an Indian King, and that Miss *Thompson* was with him, arrayed in all the simplicity of an hay-maker. When the company unmasked at supper, I discovered the enemy's party, and was determined to take the first fair opportunity of making a very spirited attack; and, on communicating my design to my friends, Miss *Hudson*, Miss *Hayward*, and Miss *Carr*, they promised to give me every support in their power. Accordingly, we each took our station; and notice was soon given, that Miss *Thompson* was now walking

walking about the room, without her protector. I soon took an opportunity of entering into a little conversation with the lady on the subject of dancing, and gave her a gentle hint or two, that her best dance would be down the Opera stairs—but, as she did not chuse to take that kind of exercise, I determined to entertain her with another; and, following her into one of the smaller rooms, I belied the peaceable and gentle character I assumed, by making a manual attack upon my rival, who, at first, made some defence with her rake; but, being soon overpowered, and almost strangled, by me and my party, she was glad to make good her retreat.

C H A P. XXX.

*Receive an unexpected Visit from my Husband—
A Battle the Consequence—Am Victor—Sir
Clement Trafford, Baron Dieden, Prince
Masserano and Mr. Edward Standish now
my principal Visitors—A whimsical Excursion
to Kent on Foot, to see the Farmer whom I
had liberated from the Spunging-House—That
whim succeeded by another of disguising my-
self as a Female Poulterer, and attending the
Market with a Parcel of Fowls for sale—
Return to Town—Am introduced to a foreign
Count—Play him an ungracious Trick for his
Parsimony.*

ON the Sunday morning follow-
ing, who should pay me a visit
but my beloved husband, whose mind
was neither more or less than to abuse
me very handsomely for sending my
creditors to him, and to threaten me
with taking possession of whatever my
house

house contained. Such a menace may be naturally supposed to have roused my haughty spirit; and, after a conversation of much mutual reproach and pretty illiberal abuse, we got to blows; and, though I felt the force of his arm, the blood which flowed in the combat proceeded from his face; for never was human visage more completely disguised by female talons than that of my enraged *Benedict*, who went away vowing revenge, and threatening to return when I did not expect it, in order to punish me for my audacious behaviour.

Under these circumstances, my spirit of bravado was not sufficient to protect me from very severe apprehensions; and, as the only means

of preserving what I had to fear from this matrimonial tyrant, I was recommended by an attorney to give a bond and judgment to a friend, who might take a friendly possession of every thing in my house till the storm which threatened me, was past and gone.—This was a very expensive business; and as my considerate husband did not make his appearance, I dismissed it, and thought no more of him.

My principal visitors were now Sir *Clement Trafford*, the *Baron Dieden*, and *Prince Masserano*;—but the latter soon went abroad, and his place was shortly supplied by Mr. *Edward Standish*, who became very much attached to me, was very liberal in his presents, and was so kind as to discharge

charge several debts which threatened to be troublesome to me. — As he was a single man he did not keep house, but occupied extensive apartments at the hotel in *Pall-Mall*, though he was with me morning, noon and night, for some time. His phaeton was generally visible at my door every morning, and I had every advantage that agreeable carriage and its more agreeable master could afford me, in taking excursions to the most pleasant and fashionable places in the metropolis. — At length, however, he was obliged to go out of town for a short time; and a whim took me to go and see how my poor *Kentish Farmer* went on, whom I had liberated from the spunging-house, and to whom I had advanced twenty guineas for the purpose of

K 6 setting

setting him up as a kind of poulterer, the neighbourhood of *Gravesend*.

This scheme pleased my fancy much, and I was determined to execute it in my own way. I accordingly dressed myself in the plainest manner, put ten guineas in my pocket, and, about four o'clock one fine morning, I set off on my intended expedition, being determined to make a pedestrian journey of it. Several trifling circumstances occurred upon the road, which, as they are only in the common way, I shall not intrude upon my reader's attention, but inform him or her, that on the afternoon of the second day I arrived safe, but extremely fatigued at a comfortable public-house at *Purfleet*, where I was entertained with great civility,

civility, and found that repose which was now become very necessary to me.—The next morning, after breakfast, I pursued my journey; and when I came to the lane which leads from the main road to *Gravesend*, I stopt at a pleasant, neat, little inn, without a sign, in order to inquire after my poulterer, whose name was *Beale*.—The master and mistress of the public-house received me with a degree of politeness which is not usual in persons of their station; but they soon informed me that they had formerly lived in the service of the *Duke of Montague*, and had retired thither with the little property they had acquired under that excellent nobleman. They gave me directions where to find the countryman I was in search of; and having engaged

engaged the best room in the house, and which was a very well furnished chamber, I proceeded to surprise the good people with my presence, whom, I may without vanity say, I had heretofore astonished by my bounty.

They received me with the utmost joy ; and it was with no small pleasure that I found that poor *Beale* was in a state of comparative prosperity, in possession of a large stock of poultry, and deriving no small profits from his daily disposal of them at *GraveSEND*. And here another precious whim took possession of me ; for finding that Mrs. *Beale* was not able to attend the market, I was determined to supply her place ; and borrowing her blue apron, I presented myself

myself at *Gravesend* as a vender of poultry ; and no sooner did I appear, than I was furrounded with customers, from the Captain to the Cook: so that the poor man, in whose service I had engaged, was not only surpris'd at the quantity of fowls I had disposed of, but at the extraordinary price I had contriv'd to obtain for them. In short, as I had given myself out as a fowl merchant, at the little inn where I lodged, it became an absolute fair ; and if I could have commanded all the poultry in the country, I verily believe that customers would have been found to purchase them. But this was not all—parties were continually made to come and dine at my little abode: so that my good hosts, and my honest higler, were in a continual state
of

of increasing business during the three weeks I stayed with them ; and I had no reason to be discontented with my frolic—which, little like the others of my life, had been attended with so much real good.

On my arrival in town, I found that several of my friends, and Mr. *Walsingham* among the rest, had been frequently at my door ; the latter of whom had expressed a very great uneasiness at my absence—but, to my comfort, Mr. *Archer* had never done me the favour of a visit—the apprehension of my creditors had kept him, very luckily, at a distance from my premises.

A few days after my return to town, Baron *Dieden* took me to *Footé's*
Theatre,

Theatre, where we met Mr. *Charles Townley*, *Doctor Oliver*, and a foreign *Count*, who proposed to us to join their party, and accompany them to sup at the *Bedford-Arms, Covent-Garden*. The *Doctor*, who had ever been a good friend of mine, took an opportunity to tell me that he would introduce me to the *Count*, who had been in *England* but a very few days, and was of a very generous disposition.—Mr. *Townley* was also obliging enough to promise his recommendations, and the next evening they engaged to meet me with their foreign friend at the place where we then were.

I did not forget to attend to the assignation, and found the *Count* and
his

his friends ready to receive me. We all supped together, and a very merry evening we passed, and at a late hour the agreeable foreigner attended me to my own house. But previous to our departure, Mr. *Townley* had desired I would take care, the next morning, to see the Count put into a hackney coach, and that proper directions should be given to the coachman to take him to that gentleman's house. But whatever generosity this foreign sprig of nobility might possess on other occasions, he by no means answered my expectation; and I was so extremely nettled at his parsimony, with respect to myself, that I was determined, at least, to have a laugh out of him—so, instead of giving the directions as Mr. *Townley* had desired

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red me, I told the coachman to drive round *Grosvenor-Square*, and that the gentleman in his coach, who was a foreigner, and could speak no English, would pull the check string, when he came to his own house. With these instructions, away went the coachman; and, to his utter astonishment, continued to drive round and round the square, without receiving any signal to stop his career. After having amused himself, for a full hour, in repeating his circuits, he attempted to come to some explanation with his fare; but the difference of their language heightened their mutual confusion, and no satisfaction was to be obtained by either party. The coachman, at a loss what to do, made a journey through
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the adjoining streets, but still he was suffered to proceed---the check string was never touched; and he found, at length, that the only method to prevent his continuing this uncertain route 'till midnight was, to return to my house for explanatory directions: he therefore lashed on his weary steeds towards *Westminster*: but, as his course to *Delabay-street* led him to pass by Mr. *Townley's* house, the Count, who happened to recollect it, stopped the coach, extremely rejoiced to be at the end of his fatiguing tour. He, very naturally, made sad complaints to his friends of the supposed ill treatment of his charioteer, while the coachman demanded a fare of four hours. An explanation of the business soon followed---my unluckiness

was

was readily discovered---and, though the Count was Mr. *Townley's* guest, the latter gentleman could not help laughing heartily at my saucy contrivance, when I, a few days after, had the pleasure of seeing him.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXI.

Make an Excursion to Birmingham with Capt. Scawen—Met there by a large Party—A serious Adventure respecting the Daughter of our Hostess, whom I had the Satisfaction of delivering from a Scene of Infamy, and restoring to her disconsolate Parent—Leave Birmingham and my Capt. abruptly, being displeased with him for not paying me a proper Attention—Arrive again in Town—Meet with Gen. Monckton, who attended me about three Weeks only—Purchase Madame de la Tour's beautiful Carriage and Horses—Arrested in it the first Time I went out.

IF the happiness of life consists in variety, I may be said to have been, at this time, the happiest of women. I must acknowledge, that
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constancy to any thing was not my foible; and I was very well pleased when Captain *Scarwen*, of the Guards, proposed my accompanying him to *Birmingham*: for this purpose he was so good as to equip me with a little promissory note of the Bank of *England*, and an order on Messrs. *King and Co.* his mercers, for any of their fabrics for my travelling dresses, which I immediately availed myself of, to the amount of seventy pounds. All these little matters being previously arranged, we set off for *Birmingham*; and, after a very merry journey, we arrived at that place, and were received by a large party of gentlemen, who were come there to hunt with Mr. *Taylor's* hounds. Our evening was as merry as mirth could make it; and the next morning,

I while

while the gentlemen were hunting, I and Mrs. *Lane*, which was the name of the person who lived with me as my companion, took a walk round the town, to look at the manufactures; and, as we were returning, the string of my clog happening to break, we went into a little house to beg a chair, while I could get this little accident repaired. The mistress of this humble place received us with great civility, and was so pleasing in her attentions, that I could not help enquiring concerning her situation, and that of her family, and whether the little children, which I saw in the room, belonged to her?—She replied, that she was the mother of them all; and had every reason to be contented, if it were not for the absence of her eldest daughter. On our
making

making an enquiry concerning her, she told us—that the girl had lived at a neighbouring Inn, and having been seduced from thence by a Mr. *Carver*, who was also an inhabitant of the place; she was now in the possession of a woman, whose name was *Williams*, who sold fruit in a cellar, and procured girls for the young men of the town. She declared her intention of obtaining a warrant, in order to get possession of her daughter; and concluded her story with a little history of the *Birmingham* young gentlemen of fashion, which has, naturally enough, escaped my recollection. However, I was determined, if possible, to restore the young unfortunate girl to her mother; and we accordingly set out, conducted by the good woman, for the cellar of Mrs. *Williams*,

where we found the wretched victim of prostitution. On my asking her, if she wished to return home—the poor creature gave that kind of answer, which told me the sense she had of her unfortunate situation—I therefore bid her prepare to follow us; and our stay in this den of vice would have been very short, if the mistress of it, enraged at the loss of a profitable companion, had not flown with some violence at the mother, which being returned with equal spirit, we were obliged to wait the issue of a combat; which, after some time, ended in the defeat of Mrs. *Williams*; and we bore off the poor girl, in great triumph, to her mother's house. I now gave orders that she should be furnished with a proper quantity of clothes, suitable to her
situ-

situation; and, distributing a little among the rest of the family, I left much happiness behind me, and was well repaid, by the satisfaction this little adventure added to my own breast. I could not but reflect on my former situation with Mrs. *Horsham* and Mrs. *Wilson*—when, if any benignant hand had led *me* back to a parent's house, I might never have wanted one of my own; nor the comforts which, after all, are the only ones which wait on honourable life.

My stay at *Birmingham* furnishes nothing further worth relating: the ineffectual sighs of Mr. *Carver* were transferred from me to Mrs. *Lane*, where they found some encouragement—but they are sufficiently honoured by the bare mention of them

--nor shall I do more for the unfortunate sprain which Mr. *Scarwen* got by a fall--not from his horse, according to the report of the party--but down Mrs. *Williams's* cellar, where he had been prowling after the lamb, which I had restored to the fold.

I had now more reasons than being tired of the place, for my returning to town. My good friend Mr. *Scarwen* grew dull, from a failure in his pecuniary supplies; and, therefore, I thought it right to remove such an incumbrance from him as myself: accordingly, I and Mrs. *Lane* set off for town; and, on our arrival in *Piccadilly*, she went immediately to my house, to recononitre how matters stood in that quarter, while I
pro-

proceeded to my friend Miss *Harvey's*, where I purposed to remain 'till I received intelligence concerning the propriety of returning home. In my way to that lady's house, I was joined by General *Monckton*, and a kind of half connection was formed between us, which lasted about three weeks; but, though he was a brave officer, he was not a *bleeding* lover, and therefore would not serve my turn long. I had not been above an hour with Miss *Harvey*, before I received a message from my courier, that I might return home without apprehension; and I soon found myself once again in *Delabay-street, Westminster*.

If I had possessed a grain of prudence—but why do I name a virtue,

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against

against which my life was in one continual state of hostility—I should now have employed the means I possessed of sheltering myself from the inconvenience of a number of petty debts, which I, every day, expected to harass me; but, instead of turning my attentions to such a proper conduct, a new scene of vanity and expence opened itself before me; and the offer of Madame *de la Tour's* coach and horses, which were now upon sale, was not to be resisted.

I received the account of her downfall from my hair-dresser; and I waited upon her immediately, to arrange the purchase of her equipage. The gentleman with whom she had lived was undone: she was preparing to return to France; and her fine
coach

coach and beautiful horses, which had cost together four hundred guineas, were now to be purchased for little more than half the money. Impatient, however, as I was to be possessed of this splendid addition to my appearance, I was not quite so mad as to make the purchase without having some advice in the business; and I accordingly ordered a post-chaise, to go and consult with Sir Cecil Bishop and Mr. Sweedland, who were then at Mickleham, in Surrey. They received me with great kindness, and accompanied me to town the following day, when, on the strength of their opinion, as to the cheapness of the bargain, I became the mistress of a coach and pair, though I was obliged to send some of my

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jewels,

jewels, where, perhaps, they had already been, to make up the necessary sum. This, certainly, was folly in the extreme, especially when both Sir *Cecil* and Mr. *Sweedland* made me offers of assistance, which I had given myself the air of refusing: the latter, however, did not leave me without some token of regard; and a small bit of paper, addressed to Messrs. *Child and Co. Temple-Bar*, was thrown into my lap the morning of his departure.

I believe it was the very next day that Miss *Scotty*—who had taken that name from her connection with General *Scot*—came to take a ride in my fine new carriage; and, as we had no particular object, we went to the
Bedford.

Bedford-Arms, to enquire if Mr. *Standish* was returned to town; but, being informed that he was still in the country, the coachman was ordered to drive back to *Delabay street*, when, as we passed by the house of *Peters*, the Sheriff's Officer, who lived in *Covent-Garden*, one *Spenser* (a partner in his infamous business) happening to be at the door, with a follower or two along with him, he ordered the coach to stop; and, on my asking which of the birds he wanted?—he answered both, as he had a warrant against me for twenty pounds, at the suit of my milliner, and another for seventy pounds against my friend *Scotty*. We accordingly quitted the carriage, which was ordered home—nor did I reflect, with

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any

any pain to my vanity, that the first rotation of my chariot wheels had been to carry me to a Spunging-house—but so it was—and if companions in misfortune alleviate the severity of it, we had no reason to complain; for here I found my friend Miss *Hudson*, now Mrs. *Tempest*, and Miss *Vane*: so that we were not threatened with melancholy, at least for want of society: nor indeed did melancholy seem disposed to be of our company; for a merrier *partie quarre'* there was not that day in any assembly of the metropolis. I had the money in my pocket to discharge my debt; and the other ladies had their respective friends, to whom they applied, and by whom they were immediately released. Miss *Vane*, I

remember, owed her discharge to the generosity of the amiable and unfortunate Miss *Ray*, who sent her hair-dresser with the necessary sum of money for that purpose.

C H A P. XXXII.

Dinner at the Horse-Guards—General Scot's Breakfast—Treatment of Mrs. Wilson—Pursued by a Bailiff—Extraordinary Escape—Breach with Sir Clement Trafford—Dining Visit from my Father, when Mr. Sweedland personates my Husband, &c.

AS soon as this pretty business was settled, I took Miss Scotty home with me to dress, in order to go and dine with Capt. Farnaby, at the Horse Guards, who was the friend to whom she was indebted for deliverance. After dinner, we took a turn in the Park, where we met General Scot,
Captain

Captain *Hanger*, and Mr. *Walsingham*, the latter of whom took no other notice of me, than by favouring me with a few very black looks of jealous displeasure. The General, whom we used to call *Daddy*, joined us for a short time, and took an opportunity to mention his intention of calling upon me about twelve o'clock. Our company now returned to the Horse Guards, where we were joined by Sir *Thomas Frederick*, Mr. *James West*, and several others; and, however gloomy the morning had been, the evening was graced with no common display of social mirth. At the appointed time, I returned home to meet *Daddy*, who took me with him to his own house, from whence I departed rather at an early hour the next morning; as *Daddy*, though he
was

was generous enough, with regard to his money, had a whimsical custom of never giving breakfast to any visitors of my description.

In the course of the day, I received a visit from Mr. *Walsingham*, full of reproach and admonition. He began, like a judicious officer, to make his attack upon the outworks; and his first broadside was discharged at my coach and horses. “ So, Madam, “ you have set up your carriage, it “ seems.”—“ Yes, Sir, and what “ then ?”—What then, Madam!— “ for my part, I should be glad to “ know who is to pay for it ?”— “ Why then, Sir, I’ll tell you—*the* “ *Town*.”—“ Very pretty, indeed, “ Madam; and pray where is your “ husband ?”—“ Husband, indeed ! “ —if

“ —if, Sir, you had asked for Mr.
“ *Archer*, I should have told you
“ there was never a cuckold in the
“ house; but if you want to know
“ about the animal, whom you in-
“ veigled me to marry, against my
“ own judgment, I have not seen
“ him for some time; but have been
“ informed, that he was cohabiting,
“ in some secret corner, with the
“ miserable wife of a pettifogging
“ attorney,”—“ And pray, Madam,
“ whose fault is that ?”—“ If your
“ conscience, Sir, does not answer
“ the question, I must tell you, that
“ the fault is yours; and that it is
“ owing to you the fellow came to
“ alarm me with the menace of en-
“ tering my house, seizing my fur-
“ niture, and selling it as his own;
“ and, if it had not been for better
“ friends

“ friends than Captain *Walsingham*,
“ I should have been stripped of
“ every thing I had in the world,
“ by the villain to whom he had
“ married me.” Here ended this
smart conversation; for the last re-
proach so affected the very quick of
my surly admonisher, that he quitted
the room and the house, without ut-
tering a common civility, and looked
as black, as if he had been taken pri-
soner by the *French*.

This altercation put me a little out
of sorts; but Lord *Bolingbroke*, and
his friend Sir *Alexander Gilmour*, came
to dissipate my displeasure; and a
conversation, of a very different, and
much more pleasant nature, suc-
ceeded. The Baronet was very fond,
and I was not coy; a very amicable

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acquaintance, therefore, naturally took place between us; and I afterwards found in him, a very agreeable companion, and generous friend.

This company was soon followed by a visit from Miss *Hudson* and Miss *Hayward*, with a proposal to go that evening to the *promenade*, to which I readily consented; and while I was dressing myself for that purpose, who should knock at my door, but my former diabolical acquaintance, Mrs. *Wilson*. When she sent up her name, I ordered the servants to turn her out of doors; and, on her expressing herself with no small impertinence in my hearing, I rushed down stairs, half-dressed as I was, and, after abusing her, in pretty angry terms, as the seducer of my innocence, and
the

the cause of my ruin, without any ceremony, and without any assistance, I turned her into the street.

Though I was very much disconcerted, at the sight of a person, so deservedly odious to me, I contrived, but with no little agitation, to complete my toilette, and to attend my friends to the proposed entertainment. Here I was introduced to a Sir *Robert Deane*; and, on being informed that he was the lavish gentleman, who had presented *Harriot Lambe* with the fine chariot, in which I had so often seen her—I at once determined that he would be a very proper acquaintance for me: it therefore became my business to throw out every lure, which might tend to the attainment of this desirable object, and Sir *Robert*
very

very soon became a profitable votary at my shrine.

The following day I passed in the variety of my household arrangements; and, under the influence of a caprice, perfectly unaccountable, as I was now mistress of a carriage, I determined, as soon as it was dark, to walk to Sir *Clement Trafford's* Hotel. I ordered my servant to follow me; and, just as we had passed *Charing-cross*, a man desired my servant to inform me, that a couple of Bailiffs were in close pursuit of me, with a writ at the suit of the infamous witch, Mrs. *Wilson*. Upon this unexpected intelligence, I just desired the man to call upon me the next day, when I would reward him for his kindness—and set off, as fast as my

my good legs would carry me. At length, after turning sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the left, and pursuing the most irregular course my fears could dictate, I found myself in *Exeter-street*, in the *Strand*; and, seeing a little shop-door open, I turned so suddenly into it, that not only the villainous catch-poles, but my servant himself was flung out of the chaise.

I instantly begged the woman of the house to shut the door; and, informing her of my critical situation, intreated her active assistance. She was not backward in complying with my request, and gave me every assurance of a perfect security beneath her roof. I immediately wrote a note to Sir *Clement Trafford*, informing him

him of my situation, and desiring him to come instantly to my relief—but, in the flutter of my spirits, having forgotten to acquaint my kind protectress with the purport of the note, and whom I expected in consequence of it, she, from a spirit of trusty vigilance, when Sir *Clement* arrived, and, knocking loudly at the door, asked to see the lady who was in the house, took him to be one of the Bailiffs; and, telling him she had neither any lady or lord there, doubly bolted the door, and bid him defiance. The friendly *Knight* made several efforts to gain admittance; but, finding the guardian of the gate inexorable, his patience was soon exhausted, and away he went; nor did I discover the error, 'till it was beyond a remedy.

Luckily

Luckily for me it happened to be Saturday; and the bell which announced midnight told me, that the season of security was arrived. I accordingly ordered a coach to be called; and, giving the woman a guinea for her trouble, returned to my own house. The next morning Sir *Clement* called upon me, when all my eloquence could not persuade him that I had not been the preceding night with some other person, and that I had planned all this business, merely as a cloak to my deceitful conduct. With this impression he took his leave; and, in a very short time, I received the following letter:

“ Madam,

“ Madam,

“ This is to acquaint you,
“ that I am going out of town. Be
“ pleased to accept the inclosed,
“ which should have been more, if
“ the Bankers shops had not been
“ shut. Had you come to me last
“ night, I had prepared every thing
“ to make good my promise to you.
“ I wish you a better friend than
“ myself, with every happiness this
“ world can afford—and am,

“ Yours, &c.

“ CLEMENT TRAFFORD.”

The letter contained, indeed, two
bank notes of twenty pounds; but
that was a small sum, in comparison
of

of what I should have obtained from him, if this cursed event had not been conjured up, to interrupt the course of my good fortune. He was certainly very much attached to me; and had declared, again and again, that, if I had been a single woman, he would have made a Lady of me—at all events, he had promised to grant me a settlement of two hundred pounds a year; nor have I the least doubt, but he intended to fulfil his friendly engagement, the very night in which my evil genius turned me aside from my intended visit to him. Of this amiable Baronet, who really possessed a very considerable portion of my regard, I heard no more, 'till public report informed me of his marriage; which did not, I presume, afford him the happiness he
so

so well deserved; as a separation soon took place between him and Lady *Trafford*.

The infamous proceeding, which has been the cause of such a misfortune, was, as I afterwards found, nothing more than a contrivance between one *Milburn*, a Sheriff's Officer, and Mrs. *Wilson*, either to extort money from me, or to get me back into her possession; but they thought proper to drop their abominable design, and I heard no more of them, or their fabricated demand.

My father, whom I had not seen for some time, now sent me an invitation to dine with him, and particularly desired me to bring my husband along with me. This paternal mes-

sage rather disconcerted me; but I was blessed with a genius to get out of a scrape, as well as to get into one; and as Captain *Sweedland* was then with me, I persuaded him to personate the agreeable character of my *Benedick*. This being arranged between us, I pretended indisposition to my father, and requested that he and his company would come and dine with me. This invitation the good gentleman accepted, and brought some of his friends along with him; and, among the rest, a well-behaved, elderly woman, whom he proposed to marry. I presented Mr. *Sweedland* to him, as my better half, who received every mark of regard and approbation from his exulting father-in-law. The day was passed in great comfort; and the party quitted me, highly

highly satisfied with the reception I had given them. Mr. *Sweedland* continued with me for some time; and in his society I endeavoured to console myself, for the loss of Sir *Clement Trafford*.

C H A P. XXXIII.

My Acquaintance with Mrs. Godby—the advantages and disadvantages of this connection—Comte de Guignes's generous Friendship—Account of a party at a Concert in Brewer-street—Amorous Anecdote of Mr. Salvadore, the Jew—The Comte de Guignes's Departure for France.

IT was about this period that I received a visit from a lady, whom I afterwards found to be the celebrated and convenient Mrs. Godby, of Great Marlborough street. She did me this favour, under a pretence that she had something particular to communicate

cate to me ; and as it would be, she said, much more convenient to us both to unfold herself at her own house, she requested the honour of me to call upon her that afternoon. I thought some new card might turn up, and therefore accepted the invitation ; nor was I disappointed. The good lady received me with great politeness, and after I had been entertained with tea and coffee, in a very elegant manner, she told me that she had formely been in the intriguing line, from which she had in a great measure retired with an ample support ; but that, still, a few men of rank and fortune frequented her house. She then assured me of her wish to forward my interests ;—that she would present me to some of her noble friends, and, in the end, pro-

cure me an handsome settlement. Indeed, she added, there was one of them who was extremely enamoured of me, and to whom she wished to present me. To such proposals as these it was natural for me to give my assent; I told her that though I saw a few friends at my own house, yet if I found that her connection answered, I would in a short time quit house-keeping, and reside entirely with her. While we were engaged in this kind of conversation, the door-bell rung, and in a few minutes a tall, elegant man, was ushered into the room where we were. His name was not announced, but I knew him to be *General Burgoyne*. He paid a very assiduous attention to me, made one of our little party at cards; and, on his departure, which was so late
as

as twelve o'clock, he whispered an entreaty that I would meet him there the next day, at six in the afternoon; and, at the same time, by an elegant turn of legerdemain, he contrived to convey a *rouleau* of twenty guineas into my hand.

I informed my friend Mrs. Godby of what had passed, and shewed her the agreeable present I had received, which she desired I would consign to my purse, as she never took any present from the ladies who frequented her house.—She then renewed the charming promise of procuring me a settlement, and desired that, instead of staying till six to meet the General, I would come at two and take a bit of dinner with her.—The next day I waited upon

M 4

her

her at that hour, and who should make his appearance but Sir *Robert Deane*, whose presence was always agreeable to me, because his purse was always open.—The General was true to his engagement, and as generous as he had already been.—Indeed, riches now poured in upon me; for *Mrs. Godby* sent to all her friends to inform them of my being so much at her house, and so many acquaintance did I meet there, that I very frequently received fifty pounds in the course of four and twenty hours.

Among my benefactors of that period were the Honourable Mr. *Lysaght*, now *Lord Lisle*, who was lavish in his presents to me; and Mr. *Ladbroke*, with whom I had every reason to be satisfied. I received
also

also no inconsiderable proof of friendship from Sir *Laurence Dundas*, Sir *Michael Le Fleming*, Mr. *Boothby*, Lord *Allen*, and Mr. *Charles Fox*; the latter gentleman was so very constant in his visits that I was obliged almost to give up every other friend for him. But as I was sitting at home one evening, forming a few precious plans of future prosperity, a new connection offered itself from my elegant neighbour the *Count de Guignes*. He did me the honour of sending a message by his dresser, *Bruselle*, to beg the liberty of paying his respects to me—that liberty, at least, was soon granted, and I found this nobleman to be as pleasing as he was generous. He did not remain long in *England*, and, on his departure for *Fra ce*, recommended me very earnestly to pay a

M 5 visit

visit to *Paris*, where he promised to do me every service in his power; at the same time desired me to maintain an epistolary correspondence with him.

The frequency of the *Count's* visits kept me for sometime from Mrs. *Godby's*, though I was daily receiving messages from that kind and attentive friend: At length I had leisure to repeat my former appearance in *Marlborough street*, when she took an opportunity to introduce me to Mr. *Salvadore*, a Jew, of very large fortune. But in order to make that fortune subservient to my interests, it was necessary for me to play upon his foibles; and, for this purpose, I was instructed by the good lady, in the first place to pass myself as a woman of quality, whose family name was not to be divulged, a circumstance which

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would

would greatly heighten his generosity ; and, after sometime, I was to pretend that I was pregnant by him ; which farce, if well carried on, would, as I was assured, prove a mine of wealth to me : In short, I performed my part perfectly well, and a few days after accompanied him to his country-house in *Surry*, where I was entertained with all possible elegance, and enriched with a profusion of fashionable and costly trinkets. In about three months, according to the letter of my instructions, I gave myself the appearance of a pregnant woman, and, under that idea, Mr. *Salvadore* became perfectly extravagant in his favours to me ; indeed, nothing was too good or too precious for the mother of his future child. But whenever I received any presents, Mrs. *Godby* was sure of getting the

greater part of them ; and although, during the five weeks I frequented her house, I received upwards of eight hundred pounds, I had not at the end of that term above eighty guineas in my pocket ; for not a day passed but she had some trumpery thing or other to dispose of, which she persuaded me to purchase ; and certain am I that this hag of a seducer got upwards of six hundred pounds from me for articles that were not worth fifty.

As I was rather sick of her extortions, I never went near the house during the time that the *Count de Guignes* continued to visit me, though not a day passed without my receiving a visit from her ; and sometimes this wretched blood-sucker was at my
door

door by eight o'clock in the morning for fear I should escape her; but her arts were superior to my resolution, and that alluring word *settlement* she never failed to din in my ears; and with the prospect whereof she continually flattered my hopes, prevailed on me to call on her once again, when she introduced me to the Earl of *Plymouth*, whom I constantly saw till he went abroad.

At this time, I used to meet a lady at Mrs. *Godby's*, who formerly had been her boarder; she was called Miss *Fanny*, and had lately lived with a foreign Prince. She had a great many diamonds and other valuable articles; and, by way of keeping me constant to the house, she boasted of the ample settlement
 she

she possessed, and made no doubt, as my beauty was superior that my fortune, would be at least equal to hers.—Indeed, I have some reason to believe that Lord *Plymouth*, who behaved himself very generously to me, would have given me more substantial marks of his regard, if he had not been so soon to leave *England*; and when he set off for the continent, he made a party for me to accompany him as far as *Colchester*.—Mr. *Garnier* and Miss *Fanny* were our companions on the occasion; but they returned the next day to town, while I remained several days with the jolly, good-natured, generous nobleman: At length he pursued his journey to foreign parts, and I made the best of my way to *London*.

I was

I was no sooner arrived in town than *Mother Godby* was upon her old scent, and it was not without great difficulty that she persuaded me to revisit her abominable mansion, when she introduced me as a silver-smith's wife to the Duke of *Leinster* and Sir *Richard Symons*, both of whom were, at least, as well acquainted with me as the old procurefs. Here was a fine laugh against the old woman, who still persisted that my husband was in a capital line in the silversmith way in the city. The *Duke* then observed, with some gravity, that she had already introduced him to several citizens wives, who were equally entitled, he supposed, to that character with myself; and that it was by such shameful means that many an innocent woman

man

man lost her reputation. He rallied the old jade very severely on the occasion; and telling me that he should be glad of my company some evening to supper, he took his leave.

A few days after this adventure, I received a message to come and meet an old city gentleman who was immensely rich, and to humour whose folly, I must pass as a lady of the first fashion: for this purpose, and to keep up the appearance of secrecy, I was desired to muffle my head as much as possible, that my face might not be seen; nor was I to omit my most anxious apprehensions of being known.—On my arrival I found my old gallant sitting in great form on the sofa; and, as he was rather gouty, he was not quite so alert as he might

might have wished in reaching me a chair, and performing other acts of complaisance ; but what he wanted in activity he made up in fine speeches ; and it was my lady and your ladyship at every word : In short, I was so ladyship't, that I was heartily tired both of my title and my lover, and was sincerely glad when he took his leave and left me to laugh at him.

The next day Mrs. *Godby* insisted on my accompanying her and Miss *Fanny* to *Chelsea-Bridge* to eat stewed carp, where she entertained me with a long account of the ladies of fashion who secretly frequented her house for their amusement, and of which I believed as much as I thought proper. — On our return home we were joined by *Lord Allen*, who

who accompanied us to *Malborough-street*, and made one of our party at whist; for since the unconscionable bawd found that I was to be gulled no more by purchasing her merchandize, she had found the way of getting to my purse by means of a little play; and never did I sit down to her card-table without paying very dear indeed for my amusement.

While we were thus engaged, I was suddenly seized with a pain in my limbs, which became so violent that I was obliged to order a chair and return home. The next day my disorder increased, and *Doct^r Chiddick* was sent for to exert his skill in restoring me to health. Mrs. Godby still continued to persecute me with her visits; and, on a particular occasion,

sion, having thought proper to say something which gave me offence, I ordered her, without the least ceremony, to be turned out of doors.

I now remained at home under Dr. *Chiddick's* directions; and one evening as I was sitting alone, who should do me the honour of a visit but the *Count de Guignes*, whom, as I understood, some accident had obliged to remain in *England*, though he was now very shortly indeed to take his farewell of it. As I was rather in a state of low spirits, he inquired very obligingly concerning the cause of it, when I told him my real situation, and lamented at the same time the cruelty of my former friends, who all seemed to flight me on account of a circumstance for which

which I ought to be pitied, and at a time when friendship and attention would be so very acceptable. The Count said that my candid declaration made him esteem me more than ever; and, taking out his purse, he poured the contents of it into my lap, to the amount of thirty-eight guineas. He at the same time presented me with tickets to the concert, in *Brewer's-Street*; and desired that I would not fail to be there the next night with some female companion, when he would give me every degree of countenance whatever.

Miss *Ratcliffe*, who had just been deserted by Sir *Charles Gould*, was then with me, and she accompanied me to the concert in my own carriage.

riage. We had both dressed ourselves extremely elegant; and the moment we entered the room, the *Count de Guignes* left the party he was with, and handed me to a seat. He did us the honour to remain with us during the concert, in which kind attention he was joined by *Lord Hinchinbroke*. A great many ladies of fashion were there, and I did not at all feel myself at my ease; nay, though I was so proudly attended, my constant wish was to be once more at my own house. When the music was over, and the company began to withdraw, the *Count* attended us to our carriage; and we had not been long at home before he came, and was so condescending as to pass the remainder of the evening with us. The next day he sent me
a great

a great quantity of all sorts of confectionary, with several dozen of champagne, and a set of silver trinkets for my *toilette*. In the following week, to my great sorrow, he left *England*; but, three nights previous to his departure, he called upon me to take his leave, and, after a most cordial invitation to *Paris*, where he promised to do me every service in his power, he presented me with a hundred pound bank-note, and left me to regret his departure, and to reflect with gratitude on those acts of generous kindness, to which I had not the least claim or pretension.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



